THE BYSTANDER
Vol. XLIV.—No. 571

NOVEMBER 11, 1914

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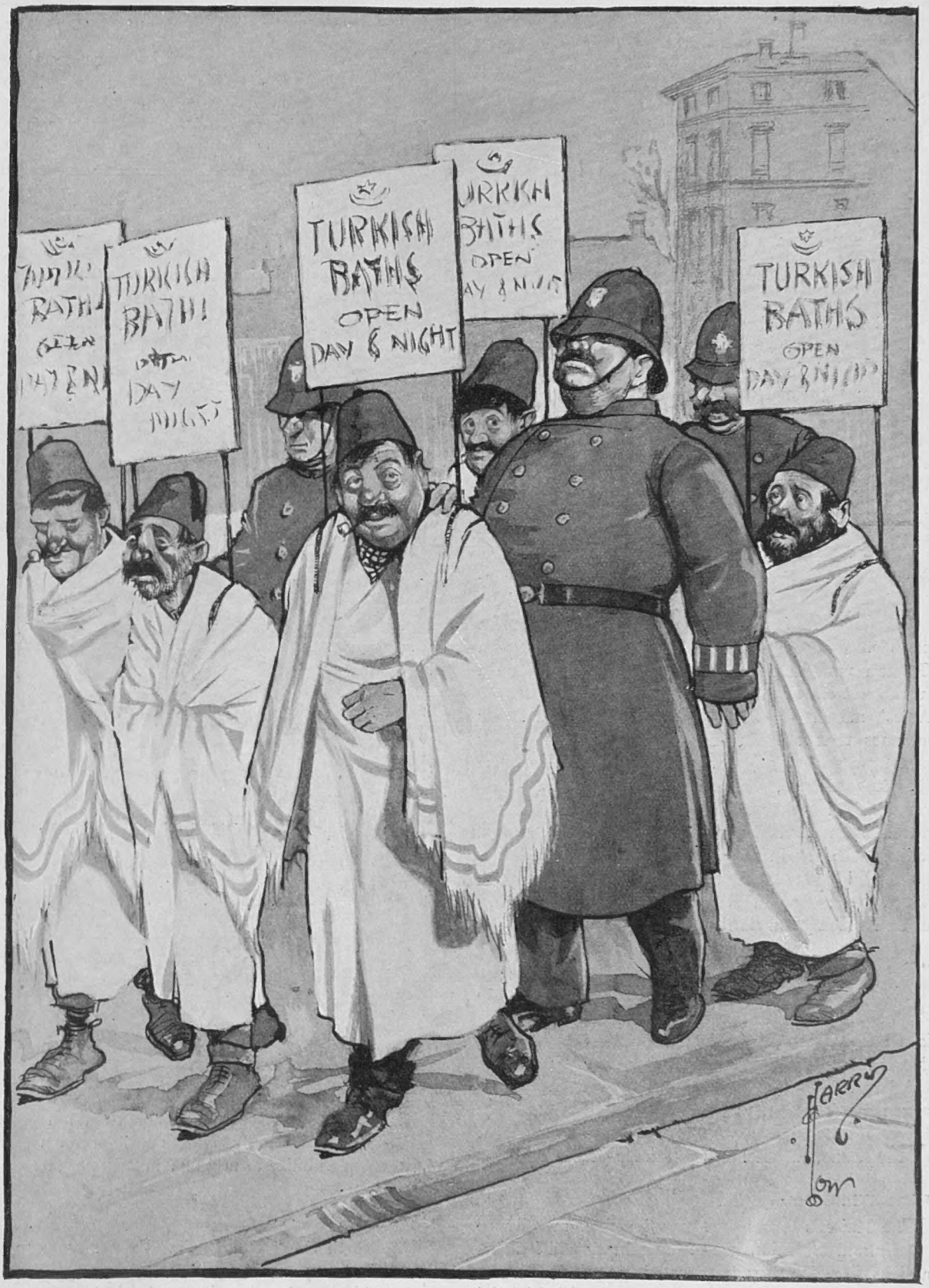
The Bystander, November 11, 1914.—No. 571. Vol. XLIV.

The BYSTANDER



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Roping in the very latest of them in the streets of London

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POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom, ½*d.* per copy, irrespective of weight. Canada 1*d.* under 1lb. To any other part of the world the weight would be ½*d.* FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH and STAMP correctly all Copies so forwarded.

War Comments

BY THE BYSTANDER

A New Phase—

THE Battle of Flanders appears to be ending in the Allies' favour—we are touching wood as we write, our pen being made of that material. The successive "furious onslaughts" at Ypres and Arras seem to be meeting the same fate as the previous ones on the Yser, and the signs are all of a prepared retreat.

* * *

—And a French Forecast

I see that a French military authority has confided to the *Daily Mail* his view that the war will last for three years, divided into six periods. Of these we are now entering the fourth—a German retreat to the Meuse. The fifth will be a further retreat to the Rhine; the sixth, and last, the Allies' march to Berlin. The French authority assumes that the Russians (who have not nearly so long a way to go) will take an equally long time to get to Berlin, which I venture to think shows some lack of appreciation of the military capacity of our Eastern Ally. Nevertheless, it is best we should look on the war in the West as an affair of itself, to be settled in the West, for the West, and by the West, and to regard Russia mystically, as the mills of God which grind slowly yet exceedingly small.

* * *

"The Bystander's" Idea

It is quite possible that it will take three years to beat back the Germans to Berlin. But our prophet is a soldier, and the duration of wars is generally decided not by the men at the front but by those at the back. I am fairly convinced myself that if the next move *is* a German retreat to the Meuse, and that if that results, five months hence, in a further retreat to the Rhine, the Germans will make peace.

* * *

What Will Happen

The Kaiser's forces will not be able morally to stand a continuance of sanguinary and fruitless actions, in which they are constantly hurled against a foe who as constantly flings them back with frightful losses. Even if the Prussians continue obedient to the murderous dictates of their King, it is certain as can be that the Bavarians, Saxons, Wurtembergers, and the rest, will begin to get restive. Their loyalty to the King of Prussia is based on his supposed military omnipotence. If all he is able to do is to lead them back to the Fatherland, the non-Prussian Germans will suggest that they know the way back well enough to need no guidance, and that if it has to be made, it may as well be made quickly and safely.

* * *

Not in the Contract

There is also the Austro-Hungarian ally, who has just been so badly beaten, thanks to German generalship, on the San. How long will he continue to be loyal to methods of disaster? Nothing would surprise me less than one day to awaken to see that Francis Joseph and Nicholas II were exchanging peace telegrams without the Kaiser's stamp. The war, as it is going, is not the war the poor Dual Monarchists bargained for, and that they will put up with a three year's war with its attendant misery, death and distress, is not likely.

* * *

A Bare Chance

Of course the French General's prophecy may be falsified. The Ypres battle has been once or twice a touch-and-go: the Germans may yet, somehow, reach the coast, and the Allies, instead of inquiring the way to Berlin, may have to busy themselves preventing other people finding the way to Paris and London. A few shells on Yarmouth beach last week seem to have had the effect of reviving the mentality of the "Englishman's Home." Ridiculous as it seems that those stray shots should have had such an effect, it is only right that Englishmen should have the possibility of invasion in their minds.

* * *

Apostles of Cowardice

The North Sea is to us what the Rhine is to the Germans, and if the Germans are fortifying and entrenching on the opposite bank of their river, it is only right and sensible that we should be doing the same on our bank of our sea. The people who say,

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

Germany's Frankenstein Monster

The terrible Krupp siege gun, which was to have won the war for the Germans, but now looks likelier to be the cause of their loss of it. They have put too much faith in these murderous engines of massacre, and too little in the fighting skill and spirit of the individual soldier

"Once the Germans cross the sea, then all is lost," and who think the Navy to be the sole possible means of defence, are apostles of a very bad form of cowardice.

* * *

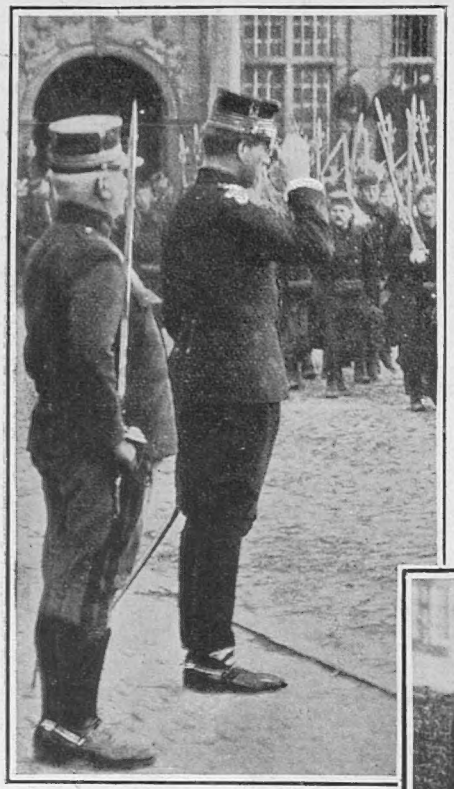
For Home Defence

Just think of it! A nation of forty-five millions, about six of which are physically fit to bear arms, talking of surrendering its national independence at the dictation of a few tens of thousands of Germans! Happily there are not many of such people as this. But it is not only necessary to say we *should* be ready to deal with invasion: we should also know exactly how we *could* deal with it. The organisation of an emergency Home Defence Army is necessary now. If, in the course of a few months, the chances of invasion are reduced to nil, this army would then be open to an invitation to cross to the Continent and join in the march to Berlin. The prospect of being in such a march is one to fire the most sluggish blood in the land.

Just a Bit Awkward

The capture of Tsing-Tau by the Japanese is supposed to be specially annoying to the Kaiser, as on August 15 he wired to the commander of the fortress that it would shame him more to surrender it to the Japanese than Berlin to the Russians. The reason for this shame is, no doubt, that Tsing-Tau was annexed by the Kaiser in 1898 on the special behalf, and with the personal aid, of the Almighty. It is doubtful whether the Kaiser will experience quite such shameful feelings now that the Christian Divinity and he seem to be definitely out of touch with each other, and Allah to be in the higher Imperial favour. Unless the latter do rather better for the Turco-German forces than was the case in the Caucasus on Thursday, however, even this association is likely to be short-lived. It is said that his Imperial Majesty is already looking into the claims of other deities, should the near eastern connection not bring in an immediate business result.

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)



BELGIUM'S HERO-KING

King Albert salutes the Seventh Regiment of France as they march out of Furnes to the battle front only a few miles away

A Lapsus Calami

I am sorry to have been mistaken in referring last week to a Mr. "Hermann" Langner as having written to complain of one of THE BYSTANDER'S war cartoons. The writer, who lives at Wynberg, Shoot-Up Hill, N.W., bears the English Christian name of Basil, and is, presumably, the son of Mr. Berthold Langner, of the same address. Mr. Langner is serving in the County of London Territorials, and his sympathies are, he claims, entirely British. I am glad to acknowledge this. At the same time, gentlemen bearing German names and of German ancestry, who write from German-named houses, should refrain from making criticisms of English journals identified with the patriotic cause in terms which suggest hostility. An expression used by Mr. Langner ("scurrilous") is not one which would be applied by a friendly critic of a patriotic journal in time of war.

* * *

Aliens and "The Bystander"

In this connection it may be worth while to remark that THE BYSTANDER has at no time identified itself with the extreme campaign against "alien enemies in our midst," though it is often besought to do so by its readers. Our reason is a desire to think the best rather than the worst of all men, and in regard to aliens in England, we cherish the belief that many of them are so grateful for the hospitality and the freedom they have enjoyed in our midst as to be unlikely to help the cause of the enemy abroad. So many instances have come to light, however, of naturalised aliens who have proved snakes-in-the-grass that our good nature is in a state of severe siege and may fall at any moment.

LIKE LEADER LIKE MAN

General French shares with the men under his command their fondness for a smoke

The "Wretched Scribe's" Defence

One of the staple weapons of people who find reasons to disagree with sentiments expressed in journals is to abuse the editor, and to ask what *he* is doing to serve his country, etc., etc. This is supposed to be a "knock-out" to the miserable scribe. One does not mind it, of course. These are the great days when every man is his neighbour's recruiting-sergeant. It might, however, be suggested that the production of newspapers and periodicals is one of the regular industries of the country, employing thousands of men and women, and satisfying one of the most urgent of public appetites. It is the fact about Fleet Street that it has contributed as many of its young men to the service of the country as any other profession, but it would be a poor look-out for their future if the papers on which they earn a livelihood were to cease publication, as they certainly would do if there were no "wretched scribes" to carry them on.

* * *

Is Conscription Coming?

It appears that one of the results of busybody amateur-recruiting tactics has been to cause people to abandon the theatres in which they are wont to take their pleasures, and a certain amount of scorn is the portion of young actors who play their parts in the theatre of peace instead of that of war. As a result, the theatrical profession is in a bad way. It is things of this sort that strengthen the hope that Conscription is coming.

* * *

Where Compulsion Should Start

As to who should enlist and who not is clearly a matter for the Higher Authorities, and the

(Continued on page 184)

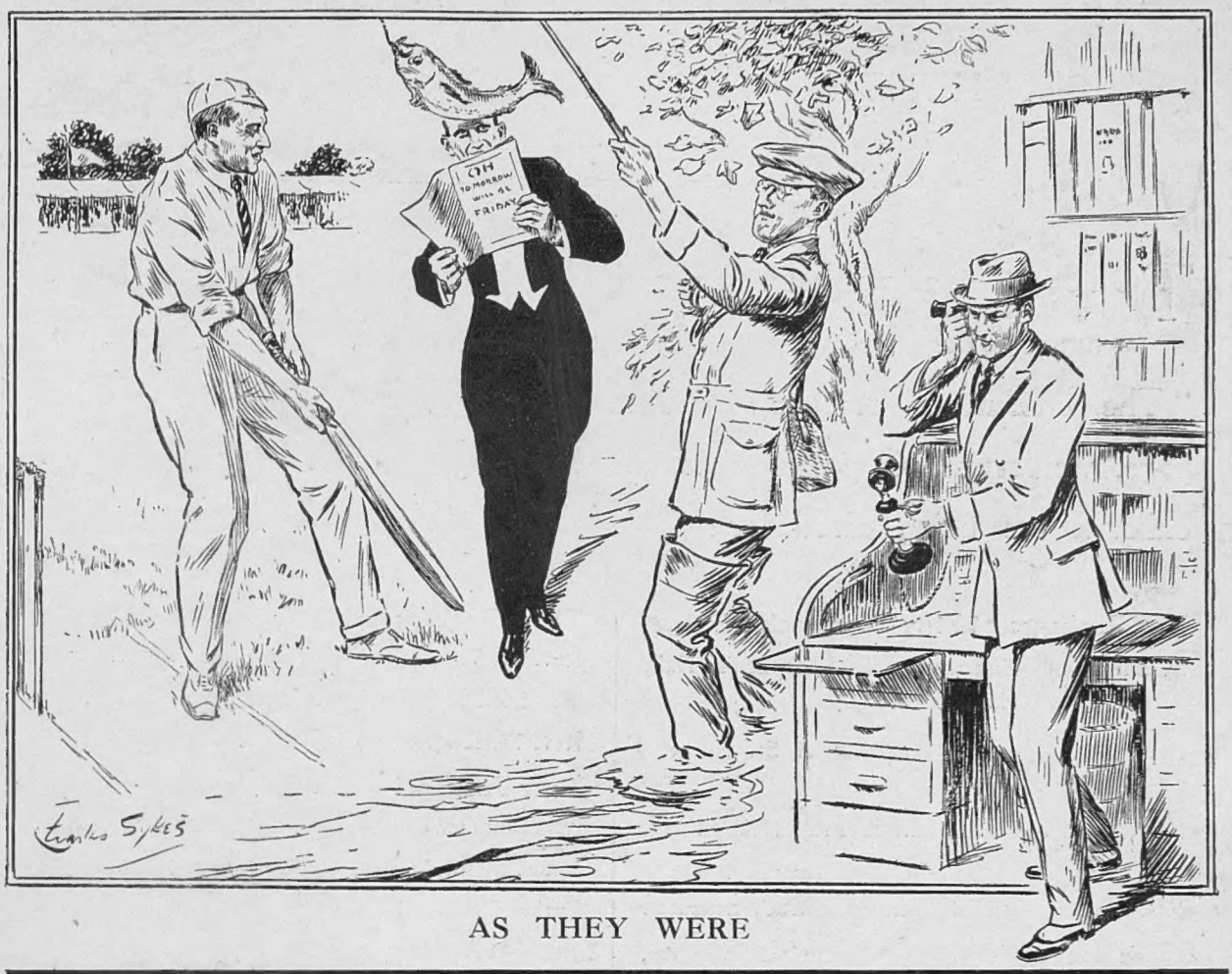
Photograph *Langfier*

THE VERY MAN FOR THE BILLET

Admiral Sir Percy Scott, whose appointment to the Admiralty has caused as much satisfaction as that of Lord Fisher to the post of First Sea Lord. He only retired from the Navy last year

Then and Now

MEMBERS OF THE SPORTSMAN'S BATTALION



AS THEY WERE

AND AS THEY ARE

The Sportsman's Battalion, which went into camp at Hornchurch last week, is formed, as its name implies, of men who have served their apprenticeship to the hard life of a soldier in the pursuit, either for pleasure or profit, of sport. The above group of men engaged in shifting timber includes a professional cricketer, a professional singer, an angler, and a city merchant. Our artist shows how the camera has caught them in attitudes reminiscent of their former vocations

Toys for the Little Belgian Refugees

SIX HUNDRED NOW BEING DISTRIBUTED

TOYS to the number of six hundred are now being distributed among the Belgian refugee children. Last week, on behalf of "The Bystander" readers whose names are given at the foot of the page, we forwarded packages to the following "hostels" where Belgian children are being cared for:

Five Packages of Fifty Toys each to:

Mayoress of Hampstead, St. Stephen's Hall, Pond Street, Hampstead.

Rev. Fr. Clement Tyke, Prior of St. Norbert, Spalding.

Mrs. Geoffrey Birkbeck, Stoke Holy Cross, Norwich.

Mrs. Weston, 21, Lower Hastings Road, Leicester.

Canon Sprankling, St. George's Cathedral, Southwark.

Three Packages of Forty Toys each to:

Rev. Fr. Vander Beck, Queen Street, Colne.

The Lord Mayor (Mrs. Currer Briggs), Leeds.

Rev. Fr. Krajicek, Wilton Bank, Co. Durham.

Four Packages of Thirty Toys each to:

Miss Blundell, Crosbie Hall, Blundell Sands, Lancs.

Mrs. Ratcliff, 86, Hagley Road, Birmingham.

Father Pritchard, St. Dunstan's, Woking.

Miss Scott Murray, Glendoe, Madeira Road, Bournemouth.

This week, we shall distribute another batch to "hostels" whose names will be published in our next issue.

"The Bystander," while it does not desire to *importune* its readers, will be pleased to act as toy-buyer on behalf of those who may be touched with the toyless condition of the little outcasts from their homes, of whom there are many thousands in this country. Remittances should be addressed to the Secretary, Belgian Refugees' Toy Fund, "The Bystander," Tallis House, London, E.C.

The following are the names of those who have so far subscribed:—

Marjorie E. Wood, *4s. 6d.* A. Rodocanachi, £1. R. Goodwin, £1. Mrs. Hughes D'Aeth, £2. Shiela and Prudence Wenham, *10s.* Mrs. Malcolm Lyon, £5. Wilfred Kempthorne, *5s.* Mrs. Carmichael Thomas, £1. Mrs. William Will, £1. D. and V. C., £1. Jimmy and Baby Meakin, *2s.* Misses Longman, *4s.* Brigit, *2s.* Mrs. A. M. Maxwell, *5s.* M. H., *5s.* M. M., *5s.* Kathleen Jackson, £1. Elsie Padgett, *1s.* G. L. Massey, £1. H. Worms, £5. E. R. Skinner, *5s.* J. A., *1s.* Miss Hall, £2.

"K" and His (Anti) German Garden

"The Flowers That Bloom in the Spring, Tra-la,
Have a Great Deal To Do With the Case!"

[*Dedicated to the War Minister and his Citizen Army which will be ready to take the field next Spring. It remains with the youth of Britain to increase the number of blooms threefold and thus make everything in the garden really lovely*]

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (Concluded from page 180)

individual will welcome being relieved of having to decide it for himself. The professional man, such as a young actor, who personally ministers to a public want, is placed in an unenviable dilemma. He is needful to the casting of a play: without him it cannot be produced. But if he is young enough to look and play the part, he is young enough to go to the front. The actor hesitates. He sees strolling and loafing about the streets youths of the clerk, warehouse, and artisan class whose work needs no special talent or training, and could be done by older men. Is it not the place of these latter to volunteer first, and if they will not, ought not compulsion to be applied?

* * *

Ask Kitchener

"Why should I go while you stay at home?" is a question so insoluble that the youth of the nation desires it to be arbitrated on, and the right person to do that is Lord Kitchener, who has only to say whom he wants and he can *take* him.

* * *

Mistaken Notions

The idea that there is any "public opinion" against Compulsion is one of those that do not bear analysis. Another is the idea daily hammered out by the papers that "the public does not appreciate the gravity of the situation." The state of "public opinion" is that if the War Office needs men it has, in time of war, the power to take them, just as it has to take anything else. If it does not exercise its power, then the blame lies on its own shoulders. As to "not appreciating the gravity, etc.", the official reports for weeks past having recorded steady progress and success all along the line, and the papers having been contemptuous of the Kaiser's chances of getting to Calais at all, let alone of doing Britain any harm if he got there, why should the public get into a great state of sudden alarm because of leading articles in the same journals, which are notoriously given to scaremongering in the interests of circulation?

Photograph *Swaine*

THE DUCHESS OF BUCCLEUCH

Before her marriage to the Duke she was Lady Margaret Bridgeman, daughter of the fourth Earl of Bradford

Photograph *Lafayette, Dublin*

THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH

Formerly the Earl of Dalkeith, and eldest son of the sixth Duke, whose death, at the age of eighty-four, occurred on Thursday last

"I WAS EVER A FIGHTER"

Carpentier, the famous French boxer, who is now serving with the French Flying Corps, and his dog "Kronprinz," which he captured from the Germans

* * *

The Same Old Trouble

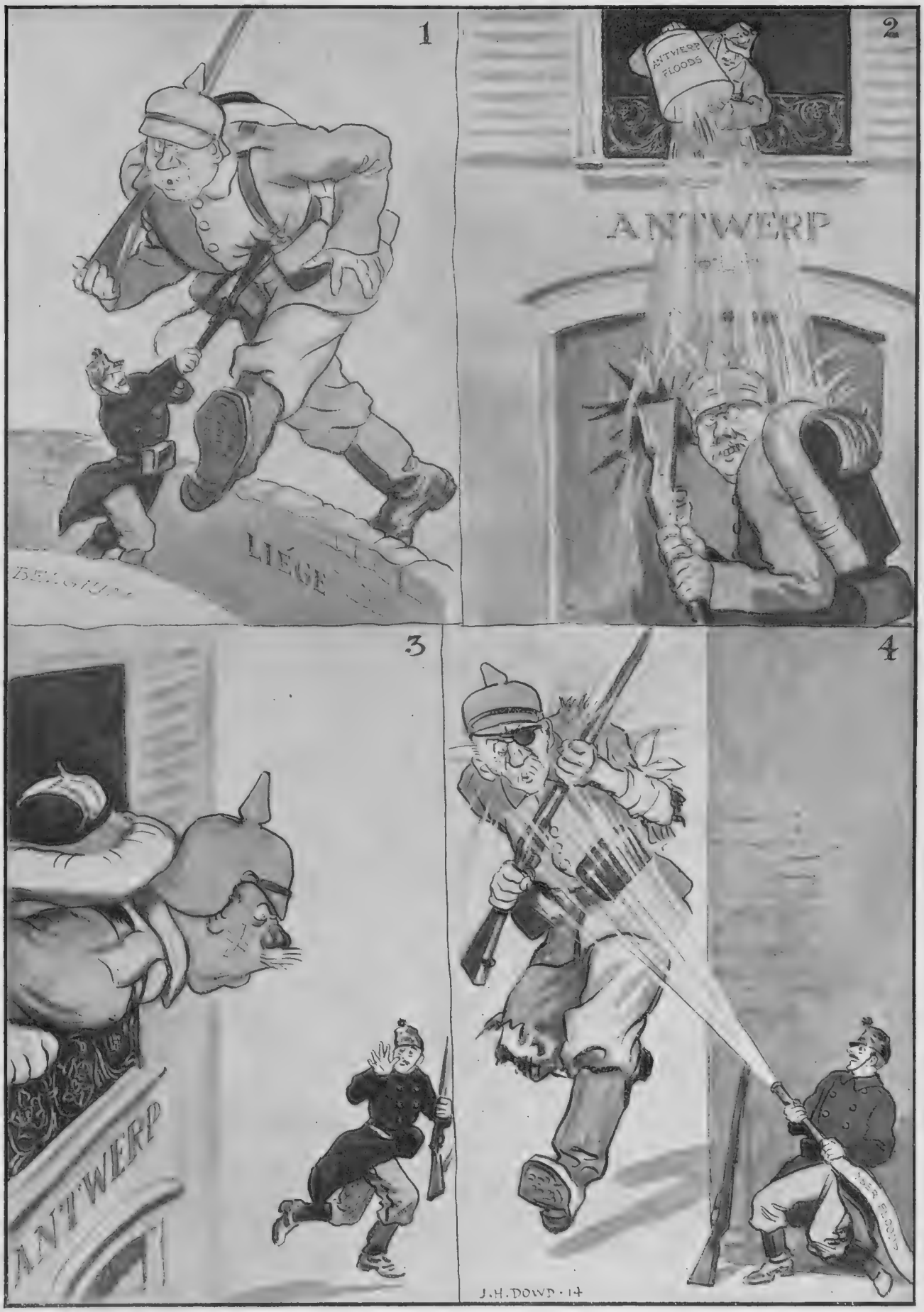
The trouble with these papers in war is the old one of peace—they are as inconsistent as a woman with nerves, and the public knows it. Take, for instance, the famous Sunday after the Battle of St. Quentin. *The Times* told a piteous tale of disaster and wept for recruits, but its stable-companion, the *Daily Mail*, next morning announced (on the basis of the same news) "GERMANS BEATEN TO A STANDSTILL."

* * *

Let the Government Decide

Similarly last week. In the news-columns one was told of the utter failure of the German dash on Calais, but in the leading article one was warned that the same dash might succeed. Result: Perplexity and Disgust. Candidly, the Public is utterly sick of the attempts of newspapers to exploit its emotions in the interests of patriotic duty, the right exponents of which are His Majesty's Government. Let the Government say whom it wants, and in what numbers, and *come and take them.*

The Belgian "Hop-o'-my-Thumb"



HIS PLEASANT LITTLE WAY OF "SPOOFING" THE GIANT INVADER AND ALWAYS ELUDING HIS CLUTCHES

The Coming Horrors of Peace

A NIGHTMARE

[Dreamed on behalf of the stay-at-home people who profess to be "sick of the war," and anxious for a return to normal peaceful conditions]

IT was a beautiful afternoon in the middle of June, 1915. I was loitering in Bond Street; the usual crowd of idlers, well-dressed and ill-dressed, lounged comfortably along; the usual florists' shops tempted me to buy flowers so ludicrously expensive that their very beauty seemed positively to reek of commercialism; the usual hat-twisters and dress-manipulators who had lured my wife to emulate the disastrous curiosity of her first parent flaunted their shameless effrontery in my face; the usual superfluous extravagance rolled past in motors and carriages—in a word, Bond Street was itself again.

The war had been over a month, and we were settling down to what the newspapers called, as usual, "the most promising season London has known for years." Everything seemed delightfully familiar; even the newsboys carried the same old posters. "Wessex all out," read one; "Death of a well-known actor," announced another; "Society Tragedy in Mayfair," shrieked another, determined at all costs not to be outdone.

Having grown accustomed, during the last nine sad months, to read even the evening papers, I hastened to my club to see what were these exciting events advertised by the Press just as noisily as the Fall of Namur, or the victory on the Marne. I found that Wessex had made 397 runs; an actor aged eighty-three, with whose name I was vaguely familiar, had indeed died at Peckham; that a lady, unable or unwilling to pay her bridge debts, had attempted to take an overdose of morphia. Candidly, I confess it all left me cold, but perhaps I am callous.

So I turned to the morning papers. One of them was entirely absorbed in the iniquity of allowing Cabinet Ministers to drink beer; another, apparently, was terribly worried about the propriety of a new dance called the Tsing-Tsang that was devastating London; another invited its readers to say whether Tiddliwinks was not, in fact, a neurotic game, subversive of morals and kindliness. All the papers, I noticed, united in giving columns to the glorification of certain people of title and many others who had, so it appeared, spent the whole night before in dressing-up as Orientals and dancing at the Albert Hall for the benefit of Belgian universities destroyed in the war. Somewhere in the corner of the more serious papers was tucked away an account of the proceedings of the commission that was then sitting to settle the different boundaries of the new European States, but foreign affairs had, of course, already been relegated to their former position of utter insignificance, and nobody seemed in the least interested.

Thoroughly bored with the Press, I thought I would go and pay a call on some particular friends. During the war I had found them intelligent, excellent people intensely interested in everything and everybody that mattered. They, at least, I thought, will have something to say that is not purely futile. Not a bit of it. As I entered the hall, the sound of eastern music fell on my ears. They were, of course, as I might have expected, entirely engrossed in a Tsing-Tsang tea. In the drawing-room sat half a dozen chinless young men and some dozen vapid young ladies admiring an unmistakable Jew, who posed as an Indo-Chinaman, careering round the room with my erst-while delightful friend, a lady, I may say, of some forty years in age, and considerably more inches in diameter. Naturally, I recognised him at once as the illustrated papers were full of his pictures. This was Fan-Chu, the very latest thing in fashionable dancing-masters from Whitechapel *via* Cambodia, Saigon and Paris. I was to have my first experience of a really smart Tsing-Tsang tea. I made an excuse, and soon left.

I tried another house, but with even less success. Here nobody could think or talk of anything but the rumour of a coming divorce suit between an English General and his wife, and the gallant adventures of a German Princeling in Paris during the peace negotiations. Making some vague references to the late war I was voted hopelessly old-fashioned and dull. I left.

It was now nearly six o'clock, and the cooler air of the evening encouraged a walk and reflection. It gradually dawned upon me that I was bored, bored to death, with no interests, except that overwhelming past interest, the war. And these people were all bored too—that was why they were indulging in these stupid antics—because they once again had nothing real to think about. We were all bored stiff together. Suddenly I realised the horror of my, of our, position. Just fancy! To be bored for the rest of life, to live with people who are even more bored than you are! My steps turned involuntarily towards the river. Of a sudden a hand was laid upon my shoulder, and a voice said:

"Eight o'clock, sir. Good news this morning. The paper, sir."

Our servant left the room, and, still incredulous, I opened the newspaper. Yes, there it was, true enough, the same old monotonous news from Paris. "At some points we have made appreciable progress; nowhere have we lost ground."

I lay awake for a few moments, and—dare I whisper it?—I was glad to find that we were, after all, still at war. For if war hath its horrors, so too hath Peace. F. T.

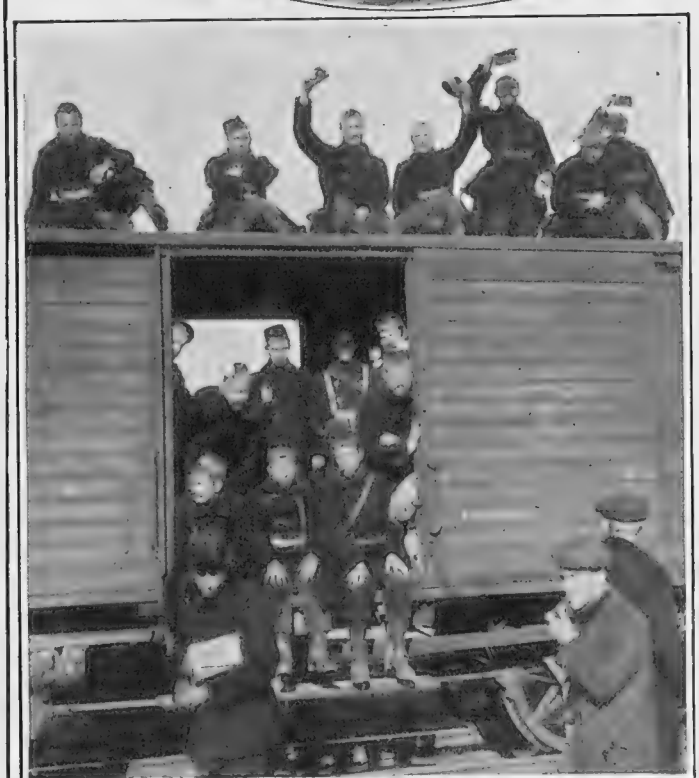
A Correction

Through an error on the part of a photographer there appeared in our issue of October 28 an illustration which purported to show Lady Dorothie Feilding tending a wounded soldier in Belgium. The lady in the photograph was in fact Mrs. Knocker, a well-known resident in Marlborough, who has been taking an active part in ambulance work at the front ever since the war broke out.

The Soldiers Who Never Stop

And Are as Gay As They Are Game

BELGIAN SOLDIERS GIVE A GYMNASTIC DISPLAY ON THE ROOF OF A RAILWAY VAN WHICH IS ABOUT TO CONVEY THEM TO THE FRONT



These pictures, which will be recognised as having been taken at————, give a good idea of the amazing lightheartedness and irrepressibility of the Belgian soldier. Wholly undismayed by the devastation of his country and the memory of his own gruesome experiences, he "bobs up serenely" after a brief spell of rest and relaxation, and is positively elated at the prospect of returning to the front

Whence Will the Invaders Come?

AND WHERE SHALL WE MEET THEM?

THE PORT OF EMDEN

With its huge quays specially designed to embark 200,000 troops for the invasion of England

EVERYBODY is asking the question at the top of the page. The probable answer is "Emden." At that port, the situation of which is shown in the sketch map, Germany is alleged to have all her available transports and motor barges, on which precisely 205,900 men, with cycles instead of horses for cavalry, would be lined up if circumstances permitted. This huge armada would be guarded with mines and torpedoes. The Grand Fleet would sally out at the same time, and engage the British in conjunction with a cloud of airships and aeroplanes, dropping not bombs but huge torpedoes. Even a raid would be better than nothing, it is said—at whatever cost. And so down at Portsmouth "repelling invasion" is a favourite sport—especially at the famous Naval Gunnery School at Whale Island, so oddly known as H.M.S. Excellent. Warships open fire and land men and guns with terrific noise and great "slaughter" on the beach. However, it is doubtful if Germany has now the men available for invasion, even if she has the ships.

SKETCH MAP SHOWING THE POSITION OF EMDEN

INVASION DRILL AT PORTSMOUTH

At the famous School of Gunnery on Whale Island, in Portsmouth Harbour. The illustration shows the invaders retiring defeated after leaving behind a 4·7 gun and many "dead"

Spying in France and England

Some New Revelations and an Old Warning

[*Now that the British authorities are at last awakening to the alien danger, it may be interesting to compare the methods adopted in France and England since the war began, as set forth below by a* BYSTANDER *correspondent who travels constantly to and fro between the two capitals.*—ED.]

The Flight

In France days, and even weeks, before the war broke out Germans were leaving the country. In fact, I think I can truthfully say that every German who was in the know had left French soil before July 31. Take, for instance, the case of the well-known dressmakers, Bechoff David. The one was German and the other French. Bechoff left Paris for Germany before the crisis, taking with him all that was most valuable in the shape of furs and laces. Then David promptly decorated the place with French flags and announced that he had left to fight for France! When war actually broke every German, man, woman, or child, fled. Their shops, their business places, their properties, their houses, all were hastily shut up. They knew the temper of the French, and that their lives were in peril from that moment. Most of the Paris hotels were immediately closed, many of the cafés also; the heavy German atmosphere began to disappear. But all this was not sufficient for the police. What had gone was only the surface — the outside skin — the core of this gigantic espionage had to be reached and destroyed. The detectives quickly got to work, and in the early days of August Paris was startled by the most amazing discovery.

THE QUEEN'S BROTHER AT THE FRONT
Prince Alexander of Teck leaving his headquarters at Furnes in Belgium for the battle line

Under Italo-Swiss Colours

In the past few years the small Paris dairies and milkmen have had a bad time of it. They had a formidable rival in a dairy company who traded under the name of "Maggi." Who was "Maggi"? What was he? These questions were constantly on Parisian lips. All that we who lived in Paris knew was that the Maggi milk was excellent, cheaper than anywhere else, the butter, eggs, and cheese likewise. Maggi shops were started all over Paris, and their trade was enormous. They also delivered milk everywhere, and thus got to know who and what were their customers. Two or three days after the outbreak of war the police raided every Maggi shop. The whole thing was a German concern under German management and with German money, but it had been worked so skilfully that nobody had suspected it till the war, when the milk suddenly became very suspicious causing illness, and, in many cases, infantile mortality. An invention worthy of Machiavelli!

Kub

Then came Kub! That, I think, is an unknown product in England. It corresponds to Lemco or Bovril, and is advertised in every town, village, or hamlet of France. To put it briefly. About August 4 I happened to be in a tiny French village of a few hundred inhabitants, when about midday we were startled by the sound of the old village crier beating on his battered drum. Everybody, of course, rushed to hear the news. What was our consternation to learn that Kub, which we had all been buying for years, was German, and, worse still, that the advertisements which had invariably been placed at the entry or in the most prominent places of every town or village were significative indications to the Germans. In plain words, a German had only to see the Kub advertisement to learn by its colour, size, and design exactly where he was and what were the possibilities of the country. You will find no Kub advertisement in the length and breadth of France to-day. There the best has been done. Espionage has been crushed as far as possible. All Germans and Austrians left have been sent into concentration camps. France breathes the more freely for it.

This Side of the Channel

Now for England and London. Up to a couple of weeks ago what has been done here? Nothing, or next to it! We have been utterly oblivious to our most vital interests. Commercially speaking, we have welcomed the Germans with open

arms. They have had no necessity to resort to their base tricks with us. It has all been quite easy, plain sailing all the way. They have learnt all they wanted to know and more. They have made their homes here, naturalised themselves English, married here, and stuck at nothing in order to obtain a firm footing in this country. When war broke out only those compelled to leave the country did so. The rest registered. The whole idea, if it was not so serious, would be utterly ludicrous. We consented to keep within our doors 30,000 Germans, 8,000 of whom are in the London police area! Every leading London hotel and boarding-house, with its German management and staff of waiters, remained; German shops ditto. O, the gullibility of the British public! Moreover, in hotels where one or two odd English, Italian, or French waiters remained their lives were made so unbearable for them by the Germans that they had to leave. German firms selling German goods with characteristic swiftness changed their trade mark, put dear little British flags on all their goods, and sold them as British manufacture. And we put up with it.

Through England

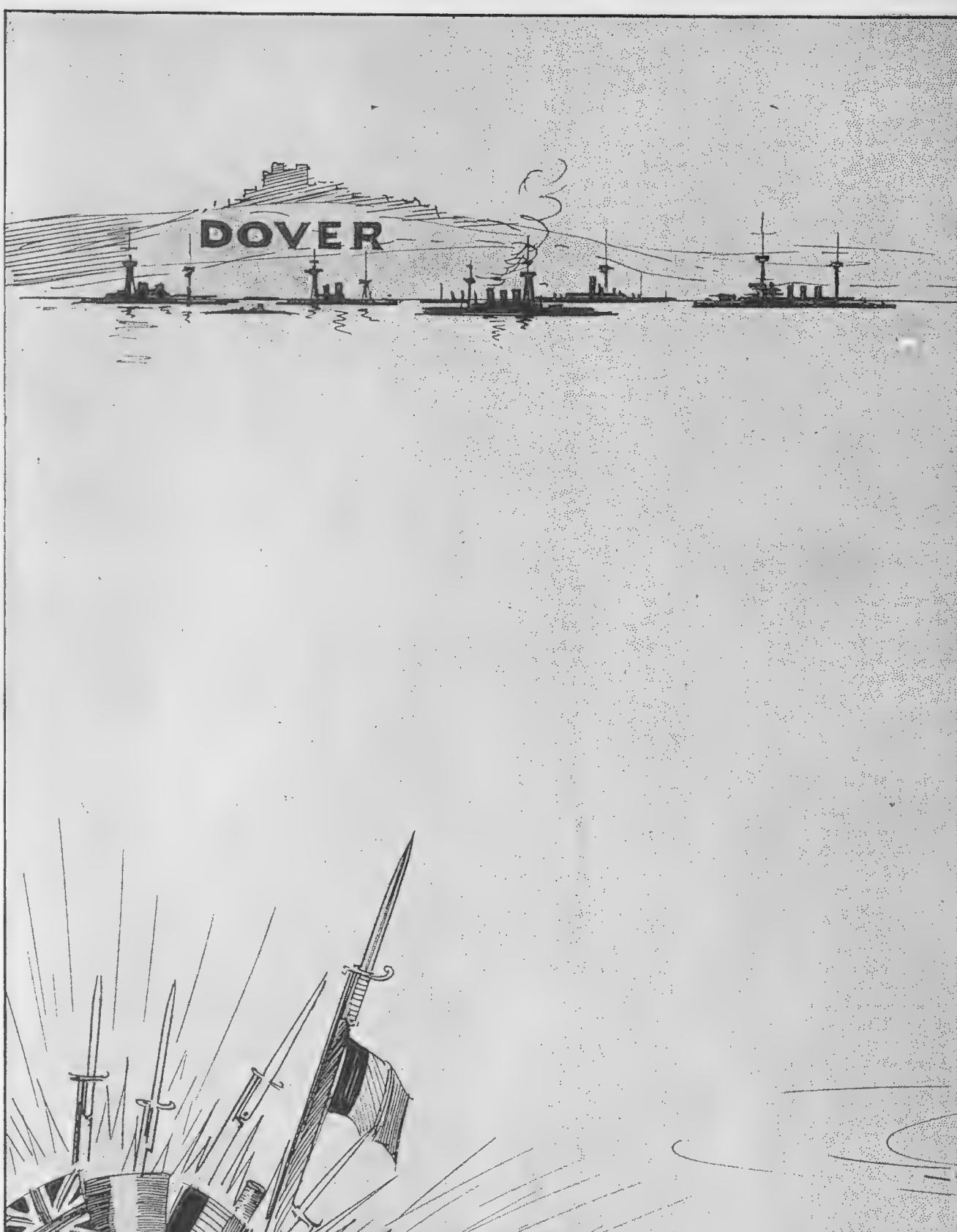
Look again at our leading railways and the express trains that are run. Up to a few days ago (I hope it has been remedied) the waiter on one of the London and South Western Plymouth to London expresses was a German. There may have been plenty of them. I knew of one. He was questioned by a gentleman travelling on the train on his way to join his regiment. The waiter acknowledged his origin, and said he was registered. This was quite sufficient for the gentleman, who remarked afterwards: "He seemed a decent sort of a feller, so it did not concern me!" And yet this Englishman was on his way to fight the Germans. This man, then, was every day at Plymouth, which, I suppose, is admitted to be a naval centre of the highest importance. He has been doing this journey every day for the last two months. And I hear it has been the same on all of the leading British railway lines. Go into the English country. Everywhere traces will be found of the Germans and their work. A German school started on the Sussex downs by Germans living in the neighbourhood, and in whose home subsequently ammunition was found. The same tale everywhere! Only after nearly three months of war has the matter been taken up. Thousands of letters have been received from all parts of England giving information as to German residents. Some, of course, may be harmless and lovers of England and the English; but experience invariably shows that "blood will out," even after thirty years and apart from the question of espionage, which undoubtedly does exist, why should we be subjected to daily contact with people who cannot but be a source of repulsion to us at the present moment? Let the women, if possible, be sent home, and the men into concentration camps, as has been done in France, or to the Colonies, as the Home Office seems to be in difficulties as to where to send them. Will the police act? I wonder.

Cannibals Now!

It is horrifying to see from the above picture that the enemy is not content with perpetrating his enormities on alien species

"Some" Birds

AMIABLE GRANDMAMA: "I hear those dreadful Germans are getting information about our Army by carrier pigeons. I do hope they are not making use of our seagulls to get news of our Navy"



"MATINÉE DE

(With apologies to Paul Chabas' celebrated painti

NOVEMBRE"

ag, "Matinée de Septembre," in the Paris Salon)

BELLICOSITIES

ONE of the lessons that the war has taught us: That there is a great difference between an eye-witness and a nigh-witness.

* * *

To judge by the number of Odes to Hate that Germany is turning out against England we must have been doing—ahem!—rather well in the war. What? Don't you think?

* * *

"What is to be done with the Kaiser?" asks the placard of our respected contemporary the *Pelican*. First, we should say, deprive His Majesty of his present power to decide the matter for himself.

* * *

The people who had been rejoicing that Przemysl had gone out of the news are badly hit. It is still there, and, what is worse, Przedborz has joined it.

* * *

"You will have to eat your own fingers to feed yourselves in the winter," remarked a brutal German to the Belgians in Ghent. Certainly even a starving Belgian would not risk so horrible a death as would follow the eating of a German finger.

* * *

The German Emperor has done at least one thoroughly democratic act since the war. By accepting for Himself an Iron Cross he associates Himself personally with every living man, woman, cat, and dog in the German Empire.

* * *

The Kaiser does not neglect the comfort of his Fleet. All the sailors have Gott mit uns.

* * *

"A movement to the rear in order to get out of contact with the enemy, may become necessary when the enemy, etc., etc."

We know. Under those circumstances, all sorts of things may become necessary, except to admit that you've had a licking.

* * *

"What fool," asks the *Hamburger Fremdenblatt*, "supposed that our troops could in the first assault overcome the blind, dull, blunt mass which the Muscovite Empire drives against us."

Yes, they must seem dull to the Germans. Downright boring, in fact.

* * *

SERGEANT: "Now then! get a move on and bury him quickly"
PRIVATE: "But 'e says 'e ain't dead"
SERGEANT: "'E says! 'Ave yer been fightin' these German blighters all this time not to know that yer can't believe a word they say?"

Letters from British Prisoners in Germany

COLOGNE, *September* 17, 1914.

DEAR VIOLET,—You will be pleased, no doubt, to hear from me in my own handwriting, which, by the way, you will see has very greatly improved under the able German tuition which is given us here. I am writing this, of course, on my own initiative. We are all being treated very well here, and have nothing to complain of. The food is excellent. If, however, you can manage to send anything to us, the following articles will be very acceptable to us in our confinement here. The German authorities have assured us that all these articles will be admitted into the country:

1. Two dozen submarines (E Class) in sections, fully fitted with supplies of torpedoes, etc. These will be useful for us to practise with against the time when we are released or manage to escape to England.

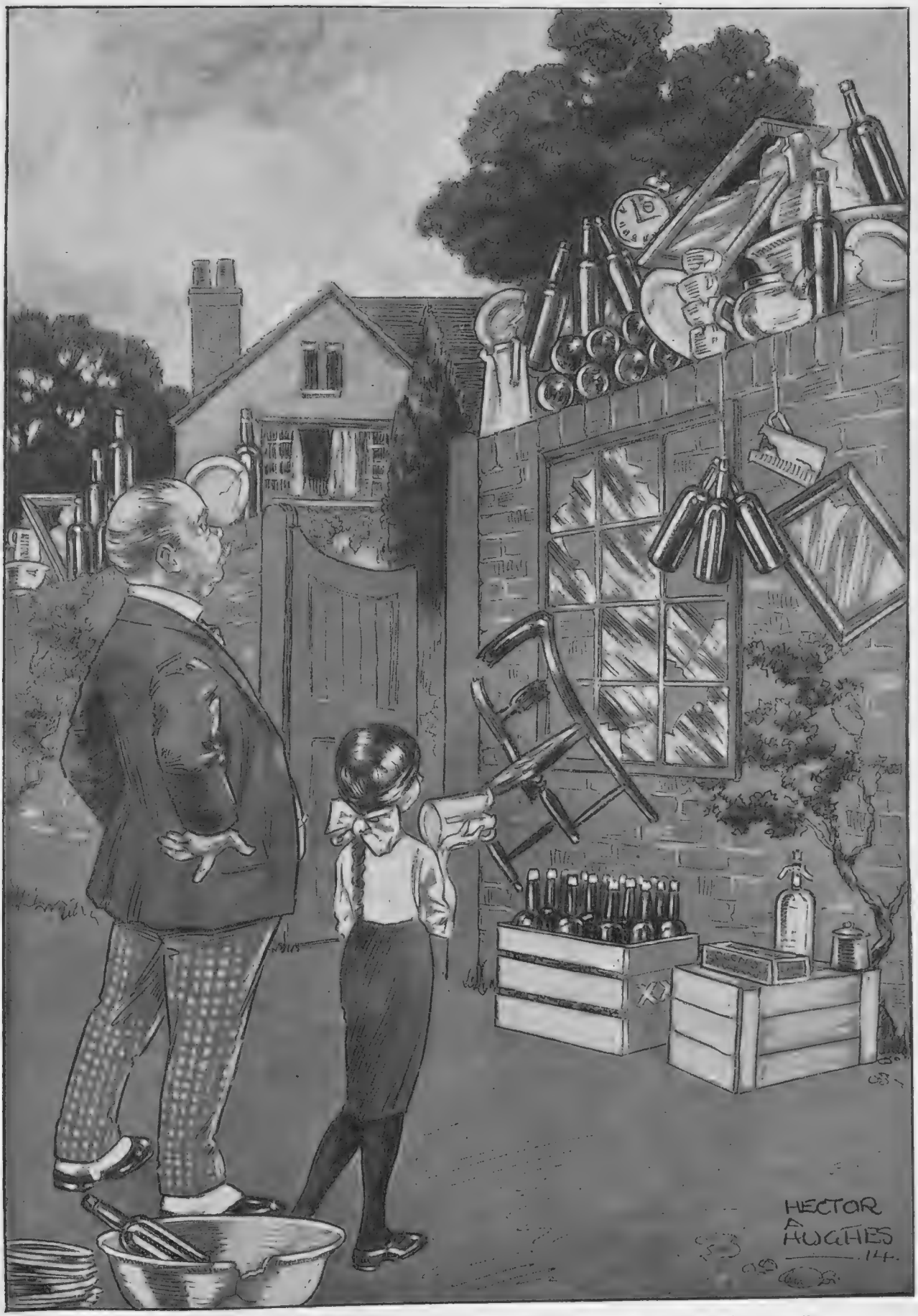
2. As many truck loads of small arm ammunition as you can get the authorities at home to spare for us, together with two thousand service rifles. The English Government (who are responsible for this awful war) should really not object to this, as the rifles and ammunition are only for our use for practice.

3. Also if you can possibly manage it *do* try and send out for our general use a few of the new 15" naval guns.

I will send you a further list of useful articles later.

With much love.—Yours, GEORGE.

If ——— !



Jones, who has a cottage near the South coast, is determined that if the "Huns" do come they shall have no excuse for acts of vandalism on HIS property

The Psychology of Battle

AS ILLUSTRATED BY "TOMMY'S" LETTERS AND TWO BOOKS

When "Tommy" Writes Home

To-day many columns of the newspapers are filled with letters sent home from our soldiers at the front. They make most interesting reading. You feel as if that tiresome Censor had permitted himself to be caught napping for a moment, and do not realise that such "news" as Tommy is giving us is no news at all. It is human, it is vivid, it is just what we who all have friends and relations in the thick of it want to know, but it is not "news." And it is well to remember that in all probability no one is worse equipped than the soldier resting after a day or a week under fire, to give a reasoned account of what may really have occurred.

Psychology—Other than Moll's

The reason for this is simple. Under fire, the soldier, whatever his rank, is not in his normal state and can hardly help reviewing the events in which he has taken part from an ill-balanced standpoint. (Which possibly explains that mysterious "Eye-Witness's" presence with the Headquarter Staff.) But were it possible for those eager correspondents of ours, who career so uncomfortably about in motor-cars, to see into poor Tommy Atkins's brain at the actual moment of battle, a most valuable psychological statement—I do not like to use the epithet after the egregious Moll, but there is no other—would undoubtedly result. In default of this it may not be amiss to turn to those writers who have touched on this particular subject. By piecing together their work it is possible to make a general survey of the psychology of battle, the truth of which can hardly be doubted.

FOLLOWING IN FAMOUS FOOTSTEPS

Men of the 2nd Battalion of the London Scottish, who are training hard in camp near London, practising the charge, as executed with such conspicuous gallantry by their comrades at Ypres

"Tommy" Under Fire

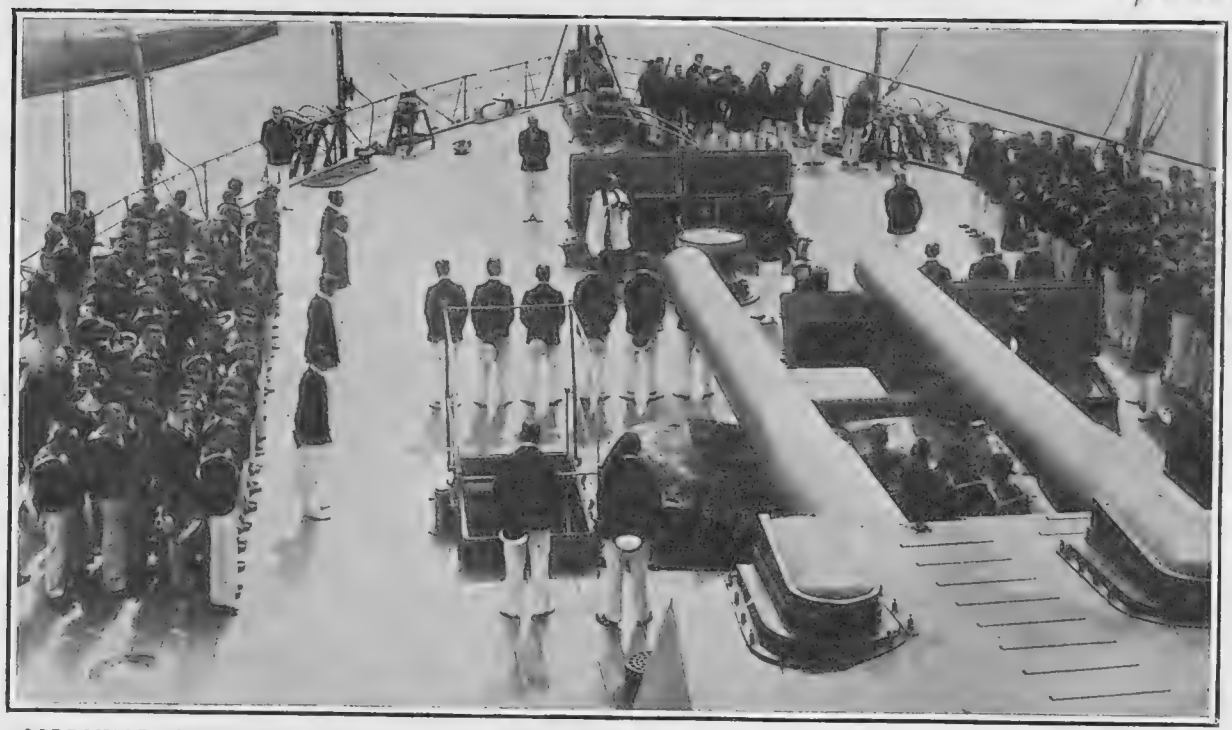
Let us look in the first place how these writers have treated their subject. Their soldier, you will find, is either the ordinary Tommy, healthy, honest, and not in the least introspective, or the ex-civilian temporarily decked out in uniform, highly strung, intellectual. Now the Tommy in warfare, whether described by Zola or Tolstoi or Bloem or any of our own writers almost invariably exhibits much the same characteristics. Before the fight he is keen to be "at 'em," as much, perhaps, on account of the promised change of routine as because the enemy is really the enemy of his country, and not merely, say, the political opponent of his Colonel. Of the possible consequences to himself he is no more concerned than is the batsman walking from the pavilion to stand up against a dangerously fast bowler. He may be hurt, but, then, so may every other fellow on his side: the thing to do is to win. And in the battle itself nearly every psychologist seems to be agreed as to the soldier's state of mind. He may think about himself, but only just so much or so little as he would think about himself in the thick of a stand-up fight with an angry bargee in the streets of London. The excitement that has taken hold of him has overshadowed the one instinct that is common to us all—that of self-preservation. There has come a change in the working of his nervous system. It is as though the nervous system had reasoned the thing out beforehand: "This man must not be unnecessarily distressed if he be wounded, and so he shall not be allowed to feel things in just the same way as at ordinary times." And so Tommy, setting his teeth, goes forth, and after the first whistle of shot, unfamiliar, perhaps, and on that account momentarily fearful, knows little or nothing of the complicated emotion which we usually call fear.

The Ex-Civilian Under Fire

Far different is the case of the ex-civilian, the uniformed individual who is unable, as all writers agree, to forget who and what he is. To the war-novelists he is generally the more interesting figure, possibly because he more nearly approximates to the ordinary reader of novels. There is a good picture of such a man in Walter Bloem's *The Iron Year* (Lane: 6*s*.), a novel which, we are told, the Kaiser read aloud to his family on its first appearance in Germany some years ago. The book tells of the Franco-Prussian War, and Bloem takes for his soldier a young musician. At the first engagement this man does not become the mere fighter; he remembers—his hands! "He felt his hands begin to tremble—his long narrow hands that were such a source of worry to him already, whenever he glanced at their roughened, hardened skin; his hands, the tools of his life's work and interpreters of his youthful artistic soul—and now there were bullets coming and wounds. Let them cripple him, for all he cared, so long as they spared his hands. His hands! death sooner than that!" And how does the actual slaughter of human beings affect him? "So violent a loathing, an abhorrence of this horrible work of murder swept over him that he felt sick. Bile rose in his throat and filled his mouth; he spat it

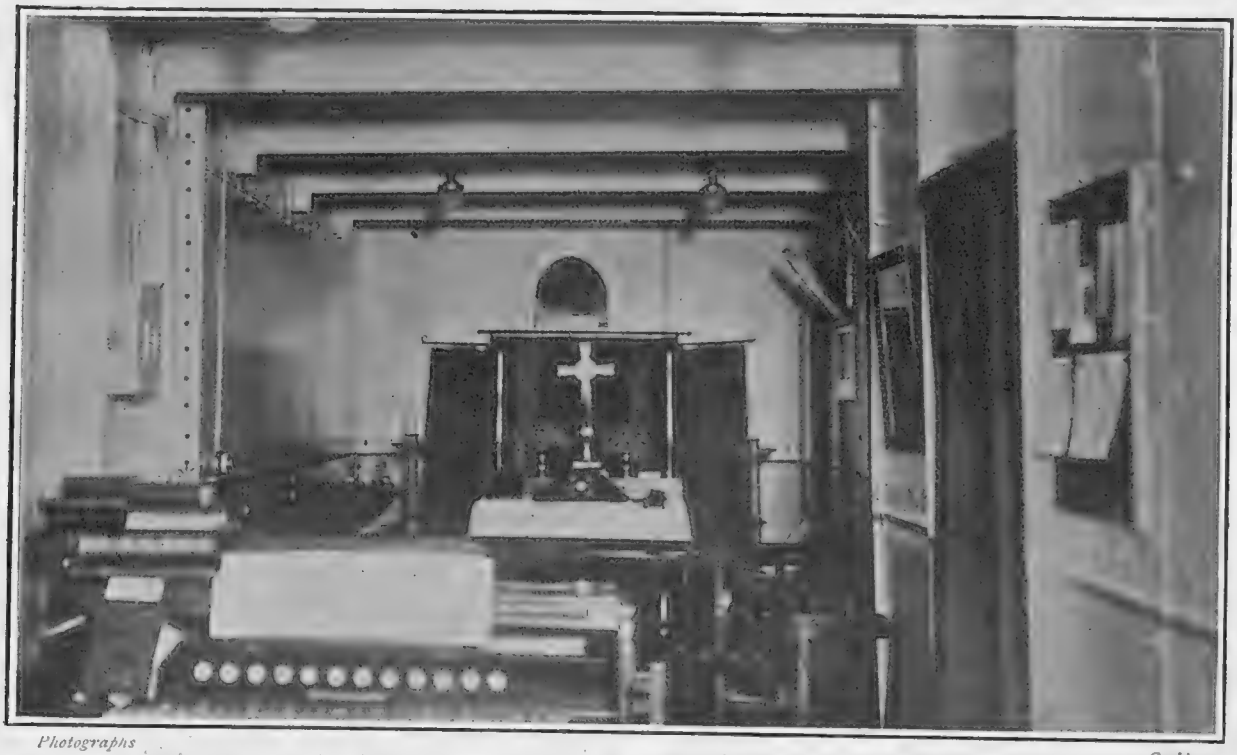
When the Dreadnought Goes to Church

WITH A PEN-SKETCH OF THE "REV. JOHN TAR"



MORNING SERVICE ON THE BATTLESHIP "LORD NELSON"—SHOWING OFFICERS AND MEN ASSEMBLED ON DECK

THE "padre" on the battlefield is the soldier's friend, but he need run no risks of life or limb. It's vastly different with the "Rev. John Tar," a quite unique and carefully-picked spiritual type. He eats and drinks, sleeps and lives with his flock, and he goes down with them when the torpedo strikes. Each morning, in every ship flying the White Ensign, the ship's company is assembled and prayers are read by the chaplain. In peace and war alike our seamen begin the day by asking aid and courage from the skies to face the work and perils that lie before them. The navy chaplain is, in his way, of the *élite* of the Church, cheery and tactful, adaptable, a diplomat and a confessor, the friend of all ranks from the captain of the battleship (who has more than a general's rank) down to the just-joined middy who's a little unhappy because his messmates rag him or play practical jokes. So the Rev. John must be truly a tar—a Solomon too, a walking encyclopædia of all the knowledge of heaven and earth. Parson and teacher, lawyer, adviser, confidant and chum—even matrimonial agent at times, or coach to a grave and studious chap who wants to rise to a higher rating in this magnificent service. The crew of a Dreadnought numbers a thousand men, and through these moves the Rev. John, pipe in mouth, and a hearty smile for all, the very soul of the ship. Is it any wonder that Sunday service on board is a scene to move a heathen or force the cynic to join in the hymn?



Photographs *Cribb*

THE ONLY PERMANENT CHURCH IN OUR NAVY—ON BOARD H.M.S. "QUEEN MARY"

out; but the sour horrid taste lingered on palate and tongue."

The Call of Civilisation

And such passages are not peculiar to Bloem. Every attempt to vizualise war as it really is will inevitably contain some such account. If it is not a case of a musician's hands, it may be the haunting call of civilisation. Take, for example—and I have space only for one—Tolstoy's *War and Peace* (Heinemann: 3*s.* 6*d.* net), a book which should be widely read in this country to-day. There is a short passage where the young Pierre finds himself for the first time under actual fire. "One cannon ball, a second and a third, flew over him, hitting the ground, in front, on each side, behind Pierre as he ran down. '*Where am I going?*' he suddenly wondered, just as he ran up to the green ammunition boxes." That was the one thought which came to him. And its meaning is plain. What on earth was he doing in this chimæra? How had he come to be there? What did it all mean? Well, in battle, it is a case for the elementals. Thought takes a back place. Instinct, untouched by the promptings of civilisation, has its innings. The man fights—as before he has eaten and slept. R. S.

THE KAISER: "Damned machine's out of order!"

New Books

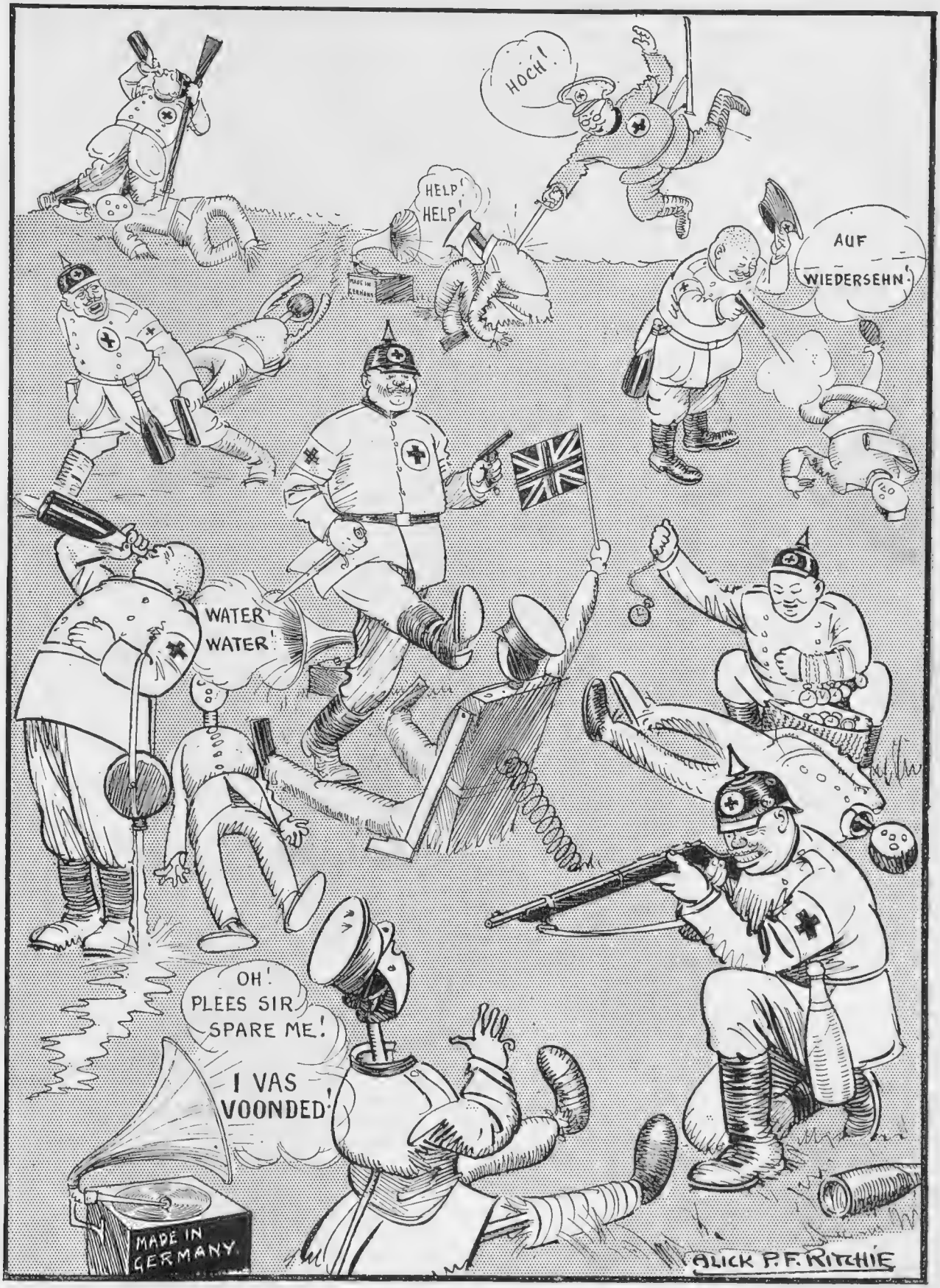
"France Herself Again"

There has just been published a book on the France of to-day which I can heartily recommend. *France Herself Again* (Chatto and Windus: 16*s.* net) is the work of a Frenchman, the Abbé Ernest Dimnet, but it has been written in English, and very good English, for English readers. It covers a wide field. If it is not a history of modern France, it is an exposition of the tendencies of modern France. We are shown just where, in the writer's opinion, France has gone astray. The Abbé is no bigot, although he does not hesitate to condemn. He wishes for "a transformation of the regulating system" in his country. He does not fight shy of a possible *coup d'état*. He prays for a strong man. In other words, he is a patriotic Frenchman keen to see a France no longer at the mercy of her politicians. His book, of course, was written before the outbreak of war, yet it might well have been written within the last two months. "After a century of playing with ideas and mistaking words for things, the French have turned their forces towards the fields in which men meet men, actions count for speeches, and courage is the highest philosophy." That sentence reads well to-day, nor is it alone. The Abbé is a courageous writer with much to tell Englishmen, who are none too wise about his country. His book is long, but there is not a page too many. *France Herself Again* is one of the most illuminating books which have appeared this year, and it could not have been published at a more opportune moment.

The Detective in Real Life

FOR some years Sir Melville Macnaghten was Chief of the Criminal Investigation Department at Scotland Yard—an anxious post, which, however, a large number of amateur detectives would assuredly like to fill. In *Days of My Years* (Arnold: 12*s.* 6*d.* net) Sir Melville publishes a cheery account of such incidents in his police career as have remained in his memory. Old crimes are recalled, and old crimes can be very interesting, particularly when it is the Head of the C.I.D. who is recalling them. There are no indiscretions—Sir Melville is too loyal to his old colleagues—but there are plenty of sidelights and some plain speaking. You realise that matters arrange themselves rather differently with Sherlock Holmes listening to the facts of a case in his Baker Street consulting room and with the man at Scotland Yard, who is responsible to the whole country. Sometimes murderers are not caught. Sir Melville more than most men knows what that means. R. S.

Before the War—No. II



GERMAN RED-CROSS SOLDIERS PRACTISING "FIRST AID"

How Russia Waits for Victory

BY THE BYSTANDER IN MOSCOW

MOSCOW is almost normal. The manifestations are over, the first exuberance of a new-born patriotism has died away, and the good citizens of Moscow have settled down to await results with that calmness and determination which we have hitherto considered purely British. Were it not for the wounded, for whom Moscow is the chief centre, one could almost forget that Russia is at war. The wounded, however, are everywhere, and there is hardly a street in Moscow where the flag of the Red Cross is not flying. Every official department, every firm, every restaurant, every place of amusement, has its own lazaret, and merchant and official vie with each other in friendly rivalry as to whose hospital shall be the best equipped.

Certainly one of the best of these private lazarets is the hospital of the famous Art Theatre, which is run with a discipline that is almost ultra-German in its severity. Here one may see the most famous actresses in Russia mixing soapsuds and spirits, while "Hamlet" takes temperatures and "Uncle Vania" keeps the hospital accounts. The English colony, too, has done its share, and a hospital of 150 beds is being supported—an excellent piece of work for a colony of less than a thousand souls.

And the wounded themselves. What excellent fellows they are. Indifferent to pain, generous to a degree to their fellow-wounded, they show an almost childish gratitude for the rude comforts of the hospital, which to many of them, fresh from the village, appears as a kind of earthly paradise. Singing songs, smoking cigarettes, playing cards, above all, refighting their battles, they pass through their convalescence with a resigned fatalism which is ready for all eventualities—even for the day when they will again be sent back into "the black mouth of Hell."

At night the closing of the restaurants at eleven o'clock and the restriction of the sale of alcohol have somewhat changed the night-life of the Moscow winter season. The theatres, however, are in full swing, although naturally the audiences are much below the average. Even at the most serious theatres patriotic plays are the order of the day. Guy de Maupassant's *Mlle. Fifi* and *Les deux Amis* and such pieces as *The Veteran and the Young Recruit* are being played at more than one theatre, while the "Letuchaia Mysh" the cleverest and most entertaining cabaret in the world, has changed its humour for a beautiful and lyrical representation of the horrors of war. Among a series of sketches such as *The Prayer of the Alsace Women, The Brussell's Lace-Makers* (in the first scene they are shown happy and contented—the most peace-loving people in the world; in the second, before a background of Louvain, dressed in black and weaving a thread of blood), Georges Scott's *Alsace, The Three Soldiers* (England, France and Russia), *The Dance of the Two Allies*, etc., etc. The only humorous numbers are the caricatures of the German Emperor, and even these are too coloured with hate to be really amusing.

"NOT EVEN TERRIBLE TO LOOK AT!"

A Russian cartoon of the Austrian Emperor, who is invariably depicted as a poor old man in his dotage, who is kept in ignorance of all that is happening

On the stage of the "Letuchaia Mysh," however, it is the unexpected that charms, and the *hors programme* performance of Borisoff, a well-known Moscow actor, as the Emperor of Austria was as funny as it was artistic. Made up to the life, trembling before his rude ally, Franz Joseph is pushed round the stage by a gigantic Kaiser, who by sheer brute strength tries to impress his "weaker half" with the impossibility of Germany's defeat. In spite, however, of his evident fear, not even Wilhelm's assurances can calm the old man's anxiety, and he totters along in Wilhelm's rear, wringing his hands and mumbling through the verses of his song to an old gipsy tune:

"Even in sleep I am troubled—
In my dreams each night now I see
How the line of the Russian frontier
Comes closer, and closer to me."

This caricature is typical of the attitude of the whole Russian Press towards Franz Joseph. He is almost invariably depicted as a poor old man already in his dotage — an irresponsible agent who is kept in ignorance of all that is happening. Even if the caricatures are sometimes more than unkind, they show that Russia has no doubt as to who was the real instigator of the war.

On the whole, however, the Press has adopted a very dignified attitude towards the war. There is a real respect for the military strength of Germany and a general understanding that many a dark hour must pass before the dawn of victory. This is Russia's strength. She is a nation accustomed to sacrifice, and the Spirit of Sacrifice will be stronger than even the Spirit of Blood and Iron.

Widowed by the War

Photograph *Rita Martin*

LADY LEVINGE

Formerly Miss Irene Desmond, of Daly's Theatre, whose husband, Sir Richard Levinge, has been killed while on active service with his regiment, the 1st Life Guards

Old Lamps for New in Theatreland

BY "JINGLE"

It was, I think, Solomon (according to the old tradition) who declared that there is no new thing under the sun; and following his friendly lead, it may be said that just now there is no new thing under the—limelight. Instead of producing new plays with their attendant financial risk, prudent managers are dragging the old scenery out of the basement and appealing for public support for popular successes of days gone by. German-made "news" assures us that in Berlin, Pleasure is going on as usual; but it would appear that the British motto of Business as Usual is the sterner programme with ourselves, and, judging from the news from the battle line, ours is, perhaps, for the moment the better way. Nevertheless, for those to whom the purveying of amusement is a business, the studied gloom of the theatre-going public makes the grim shadow of war a very black shadow indeed.

In spite of all the soft, cooing words that have been spoken to them, the public have now no stomach for the drama, doubtless because the theatre of war is for the moment producing sensational situations with which the legitimate drama cannot hope to compete. Perhaps the most Gilbertian phase of the position is seen in the announcement of a series of theatrical performances for the benefit of unemployed favourites of the stage. Since the public will not go to the theatre for fear of being charged with levity in these solemn times, the theatre seems hardly a prudent base from which to appeal for charitable support. Nevertheless, I hope the performances announced will be well attended. Actors and actresses of the ordinary hard-working sort are very dear people, but, unhappily, as Pinero explains in *Trelawney of the Wells*, they do not "put by."

It is not easy for the ordinary member of the public in times of great emotion to adopt the detached attitude of the social economist, and yet it cannot be difficult to recognise that with the present gloomy condition of London by night it is very desirable that something should be done to keep the non-combatants at least mentally light and bright. By the way, the authorities who are economising on London's gas might do worse than send the money thus saved as a contribution to the Actors' Benevolent Fund. No doubt the authorities know more than I do about the chances of a Zeppelin raid, but I find it difficult to believe that the prospect of such a thing is so near as to cause all the fuss and apprehension manifested by our chosen leaders. In Berlin we know it is confidently believed that Zeppelins are on their way to London to make themselves "frightful," just as it is confidently believed that the German Army is partly in Paris and partly on the dunes of Calais. Indeed, I have just seen a picture postcard, which I am assured is very popular in Germany, representing a Zeppelin floating over St. Paul's Cathedral. The prospect of mutilating a sacred edifice seems to have a fascination for the mind of our cultured enemy which is only comparable to the lure of the candle to the moth. But I am almost prepared to wager that if a Zeppelin did aim a bomb at the Cathedral it would almost certainly hit either Regent's Park Chapel or Whitfield's Tabernacle.

Photograph Foulsham and Banfield

MISS GERTIE MILLAR

As Nan, in the revival of "A Country Girl" at the Gaiety Theatre

Still, we have to deal with facts as they are, and the undeniable fact is that our ædiles in their wisdom have decreed that we shall live by night in gloom. Such being the case, even the present glut of theatrical revivals inspires gratitude for small mercies. Some of the plays revived, as a matter of fact, are so old as to be almost new. There is *Cheer, Boys, Cheer!* for instance, at the Princes Theatre. This drama was first produced at Drury Lane almost exactly twenty years ago. I do not know whether the "revivers" intend going farther back still, but I should not be surprised to hear that some optimistic impresario had found an opening for an up-to-date version of the very celebrated drama, MARIA MARTIN; *or The* MURDER *in the* RED BARN!!!

Perhaps the most notable revival is that of *A Country Girl* at the Gaiety Theatre, which, as everyone knows, is the chief enterprise of Mr. George Edwardes, who has only just returned from Germany, where he was detained as a prisoner of war, or something of that sort. The irony of this dismal business is that Mr. Edwardes has in times gone by been our most liberal patron of German and Austrian music. The revival of *A Country Girl* ought to do well, since it has been produced and mounted with all the lavishness of a new piece; and it is further helped by the presence in the cast of Miss Gertie Millar, Mr. W. H. Berry, and

If Conscription Comes

AND SWEEPS JUVENILE TALENT FROM THE THEATRE OF PEACE

SCENE FROM "THE UP-RIVER GIRL"

THE MILITARY MELODRAMA—THE GERMAN SPY IS RUN TO EARTH

What we may expect in stageland when all able-bodied young men join the colours and all young women are helping in some other way

Photograph Foulsham and Banfield
MISS PHYLLIS DARE
Who is the fascinating heroine in the revival of "Miss Hook of Holland" at the Prince of Wales's Theatre

other favourites of the musical comedy stage. It is hoped that the general public will patronise the Gaiety liberally, and so take the places of the very particular young men who used to throng the stalls and smile at the ladies of the chorus, and who have now at the nation's call exchanged the "boiled shirt" for the khaki suit.

Another happy revival is that of *Miss Hook of Holland*. Just now, Holland is very much to the fore owing to its convenience as a place of residence for people who find the countryside over the frontiers unconducive to mental repose. Holland seems to be finding room for everybody, and to be paying the bill out of the national pocket. We have all heard Holland spoken of as a flat country. What? Miss Gracie Leigh is again engaged in singing her delightful song describing the highly-coloured petticoats given her by admiring young men as a mark of esteem, and her dancing is as light and as graceful as ever. Miss Phyllis Dare has, of course, an indefinable charm of her own, and her presence in the cast adds very materially to the attractiveness of the revival.

Then there is the revival of *The Soldier's Wedding* at the Lyceum Theatre. The military tone of this play is, of course, admirably suited to the present occasion, and it has the added advantage of appealing directly to the class of people who are not in the habit of suppressing their emotions. To those who prefer a play at which they may laugh or cheer or weep copiously without the irritating restraints of the politer world, *The Soldier's Wedding* will come as a boon and a blessing. There is a cheer for the young man who enlists, and there is a tear for the old home that is broken up, to say nothing of the varied and mixed emotions engendered by the Jealous Colonel and the Lady of High Life. The overwhelming popularity of this stirring revival would appear to be assured, and the only wonder I have is that the Messrs. Melville can afford to give so much for the money.

Photo Foulsham and Banfield
MISS GRACIE LEIGH
Singing her famous Petticoat Song in "Miss Hook of Holland"

The Ambassadors Theatre, with its brilliant Anglo-Franco-Belgian company, has now added the charming Japanese actress, Mme. Hanako, to the Thespian representatives of the nations with which we are allied. Mme. Hanako first appears in a comedy entitled *Mistaken Identity*, which has all the gentle charm of Japanese art. The idea is that Otake, a dainty little serving-maid, finds an opportunity of inspecting her mistress's wardrobe and of trying on some of the garments just to see how she will look in them. The little complication that ensues is extemely diverting. Mme. Hanako as the prying serving-maid is quite convincing, and her soft voice and doll-like appearance give a fascinating quality to the delightful humour of the piece. The other play presented by this talented company is more serious, and includes at least one good fight, to say nothing of an artistic display of hara-kiri at the finish. The two plays are being presented at occasional matinées, and deserve the support of all lovers of delicate and artistic work.

JINGLE

MADAME HANAKO
The latest representative of our Allies, who is now appearing in Japanese plays at the Ambassadors Theatre

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The Boycott on Games

HOW IT MAY HELP THE GERMANS

AT a time like this it is eminently right and proper that we should take ourselves seriously. In the great struggle that is going on just now the man who, oblivious of patriotism and thinking only of himself, can afford to stand by and await eventualities with some hope that, as far as he personally is concerned, things will pan out pretty right, is non-existent. We are all "in it," combatants and non-combatants, men and women alike. We have got to see the thing through, and even the most impotent of us feel that if we cannot be helpers we must take care, at any rate, not to be hinderers. And so, as I say, we are taking ourselves seriously, rightly realising that, where issues of such vital importance to the community at large are at stake, the conduct of every single member of it counts.

But I fear that we are overdoing it. It is a good thing to realise the gravity of a situation, but a bad thing to be oppressed by it. It is one thing to be serious and quite another to be gloomy. And I think our present attitude can best be defined as one of gloominess. We are not pessimistic; we have no hesitation about giving the right answer to the question "Are we downhearted?" But the tone of confidence in which we answer it is hardly borne out by our actions.

SPORTSMAN T. ATKINS

Otherwise Private C. Armstrong, of the Sportsman's Battalion, now in camp at Hornchurch. He is an old Cambridge running Blue

There is a point at which deadly earnestness becomes deadly in the wrong direction. In a great struggle of a different type some years ago the Puritans fought for a just cause and "made good" up to a point, but they came to grief in the long run because their deadly earnestness seemed to lead to nothing better than a life of settled gloom, varied only by attacks of what are known nowadays as "the jumps." Similar instances of the sinister effects of super-seriousness have occurred at later periods of the nation's history, and the present crisis—not unnaturally, since it is the biggest the world has ever known—has provided one of the most typical.

Nowhere has the gloomy attitude towards things in general become more marked than in the sphere of games. I think I may safely assume that the number of people who play games when they might, and could, be doing something more useful is being slowly, but surely, reduced to an immaterial minimum. On the other hand, the number of people who have a right to play games because, as business men, they are helping to keep the nation going and are, therefore, entitled to keep themselves going, too, in the manner best adapted to that end, is legion. Many of them, mind you, are learning to shoot and drill as well, and for these an occasional game of some sort or another is real relaxation of the best and healthiest type.

I happen to be one of this crowd, so I know what we are up against. We are conscious that we are doing no wrong, and yet the general public, our friends, and even our relatives, look askance upon us, much in the same way as those who did not "observe" Sunday in the correct manner were looked askance upon in a bye-gone generation by those who did.

The net result is that we have either yielded to *force majeure* and devoted our scanty leisure to the prevailing cult of gloominess or else become hypocrites. If we are golfers we do not advertise the fact. We play for choice over our home course, where our clubs and other impedimenta can most easily be kept ready to hand; and if we wish to journey further afield our kit travels separately by carrier or passenger train. Those of us who play tennis in winter are only too grateful if we can seek the seclusion of the covered court; those of us who are young enough to play hockey or football are so few that apart from professional football there is very little hockey or football doing, and those few play in fear and trembling as to what their neighbours are saying about them. Now this, I am convinced, is all wrong. It is a part of the German plan of campaign to terrorise and depress the enemy as well as to fight him. How little this plan has matured against our fighting men is well known. "Tommy's" irrepressible light-heartedness is his most valuable asset. But if the present attitude towards games is persisted in, it will, to my mind, be clear proof that the Germans *have* succeeded in frightening us. Let us try, therefore, with all our might not to take the gloomy view of life, and to look upon the desire to indulge in healthy and legitimate recreation as something to be encouraged rather than contemned. Let us not fall into the error of visiting the sins of the shirkers upon the heads of the guiltless. H. S. S.

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Motoring Affairs of War-Time

By ALEX. J. M. GRAY

An Ultimatum

IN one respect the police have acted fairly and with unusual courtesy in, first of all, putting it plainly to motorists that present conditions call most urgently for the exercise of special care in driving in and around London, and practically putting drivers upon their honour not to do anything that might make the task of the police (whose lot just now is probably not a happy one) more difficult, or jeopardise the safety even of the exceedingly stupid. The mass of motorists did not require the representation, and those who did deserve all that is coming to them if they persist in their anti-social habits.

***

Casualty Lists

There has been a very considerable increase in accidents in which motor vehicles have been concerned. The police put this down partly to the fact that trapping has been abolished in the London metropolitan area since the police have been too busy in other directions to spare the time for the sport of the auto-hunt. I should say the police were absolutely and entirely wrong. Not one motorist in a thousand knew that the trap had been suspended at all; and without having any data to justify the statement and drawing my bow entirely at a venture, I will undertake that an increase in accidents is not a special feature of the areas where the trap was most vigorously worked.

***

Product of Darkest London

It is useless submitting that motor-car accidents are very largely not motor-car accidents at all, but pedestrian accidents. It is useless submitting that the new lighting or darkening order, (now, I observe, extended all over the country so that even railway trains must have their blinds drawn between sundown and dawn) is a factor of danger of enormous proportions. The police say it is not, because no special increase in the number of accidents has occurred during the hours of darkness. I seem to remember several crowners' quests where the view of the Court was against this police argument. Speaking for myself, I would not drive at night under the present regulations if I could possibly avoid it.

***

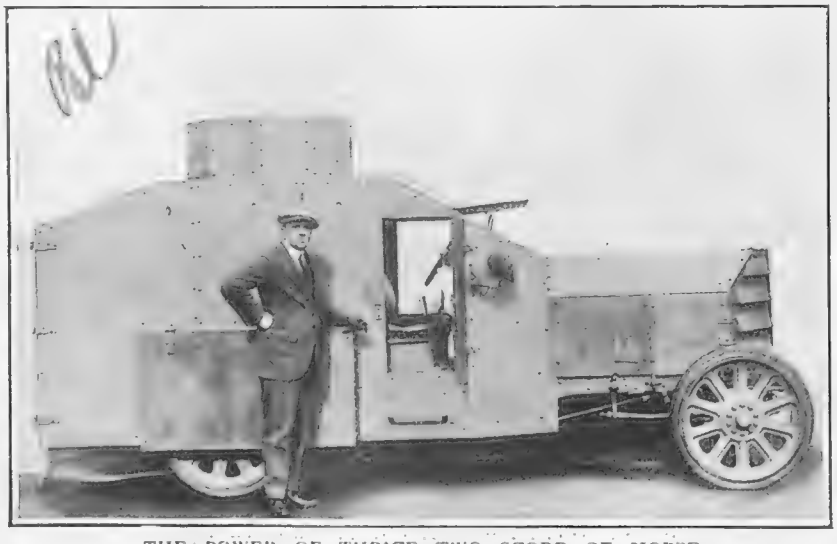
The Least We Can Do

It would be interesting to know to what extent the accident increase has involved cars and motor-cycles bearing the O.H.M.S. mark. Please believe I am not suggesting restriction upon vehicles doing a most important national work. Their speed should not be clipped, but accelerated; and we worthy citizens in the street should have it impressed upon us that in war-time the very least we can do is to get out of the way of men doing our work. For the present period the police might do worse than resuscitate the ancient joke about the quick and the dead, and give the bill-posters a little work sticking it in public places.

***

In a Spirit of Resignation

As a motorist and as a pedestrian I regard it as my natural business to make myself useful if only by making myself scarce. I conceive it not to be my business to dodder about the roads making work for the police to secure my protection. I conceive it not to be my business to drive to the common danger or to my own. I conceive that it *is* my business to do all I can to help; and, therefore, whatever restrictions the police or the military impose I will cheerfully accept and give effect to, even though I were very sure that authority was not acting in the best interests of the people. And I think that expresses the average motorist's view and his act. At the same time, while the police are issuing manifestos they might issue one to the users of footpaths.



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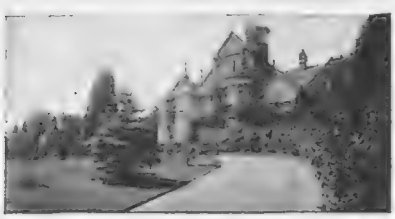

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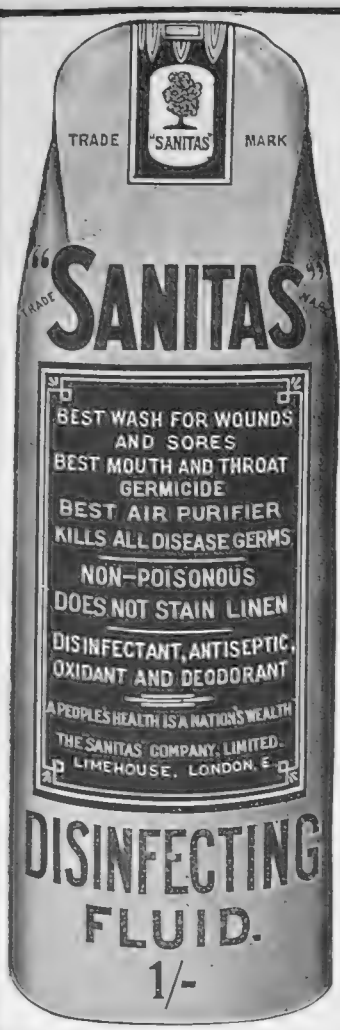

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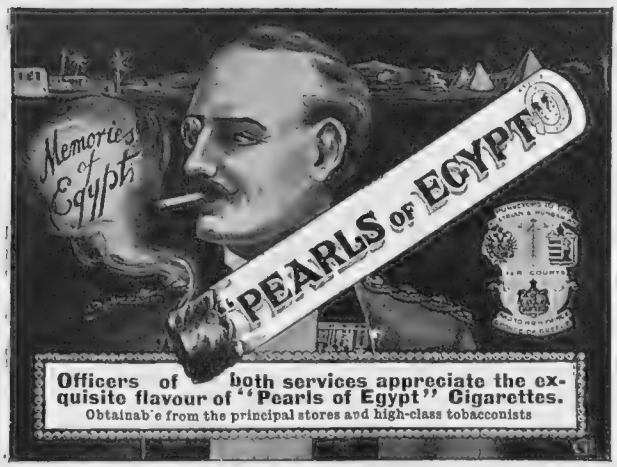

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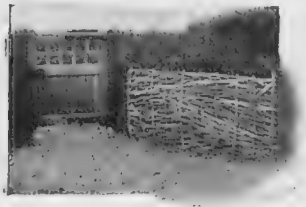

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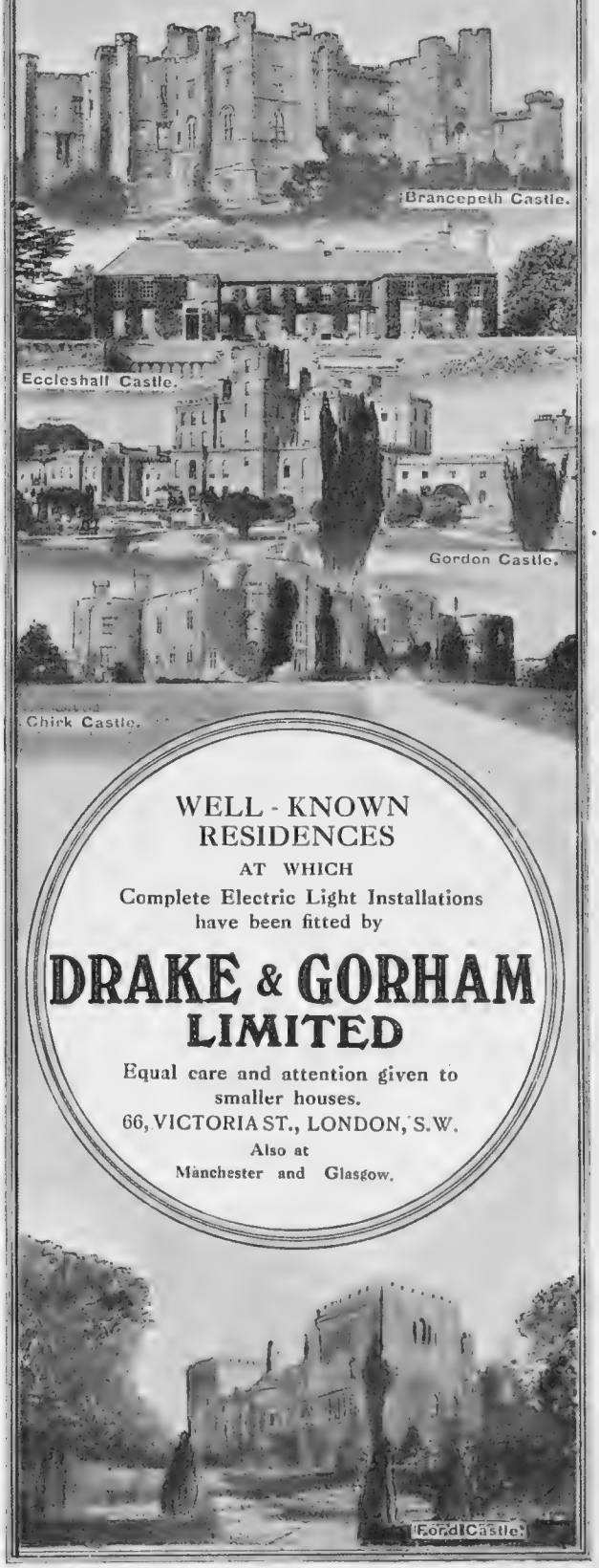

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The Saving Grace of Humour

A NATIONAL ASSET WHICH WOMEN CAN HELP TO PRESERVE

A CARD, addressed to THE BYSTANDER, has reached me, and has given me food for much thought. The anonymous writer has, apparently, taken great, not to say bitter, exception to a certain article entitled "Charming As Ever." Out upon the idle butterfly who refuses to masquerade for the nonce as a bee!

Now I have no quarrel with earnestness in its proper place, which, to my thinking, is the heart, the mind, and the intention, not the face and manner. The truest words are often spoken in jest and reach their goal the more surely for being lightly launched. No one in his senses can deny the seriousness of war or the real earnestness with which we have met the situation, but will anyone venture to suggest that our men are the less dependable or less alive to the hazards of battle for marching to the front with a music-hall song (comic, if you please) on their lips? Are the ready jokes with which they greet passers-by a slur on the national dignity? True patriotism is not that which goes about with kill-joy countenance and a stern rebuke to those who show signs of unseemly levity.

QUEEN AMÉLIE OF PORTUGAL

Leaving the Elysée Palace Hotel in Paris, now converted into a hospital. She is devoting her energies unsparingly to the humane work of the Red Cross

One of our chief national assets is our sense of humour, that subtle quality which is not wit, but which, as has been truely said, carries the possessor further than a clear conscience. It is, perhaps, humour that distinguishes us most from the Germans, who cannot for the life of them see the funny side of anything of a serious nature. Nothing could be less humorous than the German Army. Who could imagine such a thing as the Zabern incident in England? Our officers do not reward smiles, even on the faces of deformed cobblers, with sword-thrusts, yet in the light of recent events can anyone doubt that our men are at least as purposeful as the Germans?

Nothing could be more satisfactory to Germany than the thought that we had been scared out of our sense of humour. Nothing is so enraging to the bully as to be met by a quiet smile. To use a nautical simile, it completely takes the wind out of his sails. Earnestness or bluster is no weapon against humour and the philosophic spirit that lies behind it. It would, indeed, be a distressing concession to Prussian militarism if we were to let ourselves be dragged into emulation of the dullards it engenders. Germany could hope for no greater moral triumph.

We all have our talents and uses, and not every one is fitted for work of an utilitarian description—witness the number of dropped stitches, shapeless socks and mittens, cobbled garments with which the various comfort depôts are flooded. It is painful to see a woman frowningly and silently counting hopeless stitches, when by relying merely on her cheerful presence and quick wit she would accomplish far more good in keeping up the spirits of those about her. No matter how much goodwill she exercise, not every woman can be a Martha. Those also serve who only raise a smile. As an Italian proverb has it: God helps the merry.

There are two ways of fighting a losing game, one with stern face and disconsolate air, the other gallantly and jestingly. But we are not fighting a losing game . . . all the more reason why we should bear ourselves lightly. Let us be as galling to the Germans as in us lies. Let us show them that whatever they may do they cannot frighten us out of our humour. Surely we do not wish them to think that they have worried us into funereal and shuddering gravity! Only the other day I found fifty destitute Belgian refugees, with every right in the world to bemoan their fate, engaged in singing comic songs. "*Mon Dieu, madame,*" said one of them to me, "we laugh in order not to weep. If we did not laugh we should go mad." EFEMERA

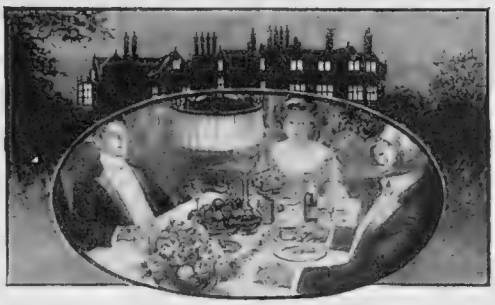
Fashion's Fancies

By MRS. JACK MAY

The New Linen Hall, Regent Street

AT the beginning of last week, Messrs. Robinson and Cleaver, of Belfast and London linen fame, opened, fully completed, their magnificent new premises in Regent Street. The possession of the site, which is estimated to cover 31,000 square feet, was only acquired after many years of negotiation. The actual building has also taken an appreciable time, but now all is finished, and housed under one roof are the several scattered shops, which have so materially marked the progress of the business. All the traditions of the old Linen Hall in Belfast will be upheld in London, and the business transacted directly between the maker and the buyer, thus eliminating the middleman. In

MARVELLOUS ECONOMY IN LIGHTING



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Of Chemists **1/6 & 3/-** per tin.

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THE "ACCOMPLISHED FACT" OF FULNESS

Full skirt and very long coat, in a deep shade of green Duvetyn, with collar of grey wolf

Drawn by Dorothy Millar

the arrangement of this new building the utmost attention has been given to good natural lighting, which is contrived by means of a large dome area—a procedure that speaks volumes as to the complete confidence Robinson and Cleaver have, in the irreproachable quality of their goods, which they prefer to sell under the clearest and most above-board conditions. And with the vast increase of space the firm propose to aim at a larger sphere of usefulness. Therefore, along with the most sumptuous linen requisites will also be found the most modest, all alike hall-marked by the value so long and honourably associated with the name of Robinson and Cleaver.

The Latest Silhouette

A glance at the coat and skirt on which devolves the task of revealing the last word in *ligne*, at once confirms the report that the revival of the really full skirt is an accomplished fact, together with the extremely long coat. A new and very deep shade of green Duvetyn is my suggestion for this suit, the collar of wolf, dyed a deep elephant-grey shade, an exceptionally pleasing pelt, and also a novelty. As will be remarked, there is no tentativeness about the width of the skirt. It is unquestionably full, and uncompromisingly short. In the curtailment of the length rests the whole *chic* of the full skirt say those responsible for its advent, who are likewise responsible for exacting that footgear, including spats, shall be kept dark, or as much in harmony as is possible with the gown.

Not "Flapperish"

The problem of dressing the period of flapperdom is one fraught with interest for all mothers who take a real and individual interest in the garbing of their girls. And such mothers, as I have frequently pointed out, never generalise. They suit the frock, or coat, or hat, or whatever garment may be, to the wearer, and never essay the impossible task of reversing that procedure. Now our original design for a best frock is especially designed for a rather tall slim girl, with certain picturesque and yet *chic* tendencies. The dress is fashioned of a rather heavy satin, perhaps Duchess, and looks well in either dull blue, beach-leaf brown, or leaf-green, trimmed with narrow bands of skunk. A distinctive feature is provided in the deep cut armholes, from whence the long close sleeves issue separate and quite free, the former being ornamented with large French knots, while each shoulder is defined by silk *boule* buttons. It is a charming frock that for outdoor use merely asks the completion of a velvet coat with high roll-over collar of fur.

The Cavendish Hair Restorer

Creeping very surely to the front ranks — indeed in the opinion of all who have tested its efficacy it has arrived there already —is this wonderful Ca-Radium Hair Restorer. Although assured from the first of the value, Mrs. Helen Cavendish, the proprietor, 120, New Bond Street, has had many rivals to fight. Also, a very real difficulty, when orders began to stream steadily in, in acquiring, at a sufficiently quick rate, the chief component, "Radio Active" water, or, rather, sufficient radium, to be exact. But all these obstacles have been finally overcome, and the Ca-Radium Hair Restorer has settled down into a recognised and very covetable position.

Letters pour in upon Mrs. Cavendish every day, gratuitously offering praise and illustrating instances of the miracles the restorer has worked. It does not in the least matter in what state of greyness the hair is, the Ca-Radium never fails to restore it absolutely to its original colour and texture. The process in some cases is longer than in others, but the same satisfactory result is invariable. Doubtless the question will arise as to whether there is anything in the least likely to be injurious to the head in the application. And to this a most emphatic negative can be given; on the other hand, it rather assists the growth and vitality. Furthermore, by only

ORIGINAL DESIGN FOR A YOUNG GIRL'S FROCK

Of heavy satin, trimmed with narrow bands of fur, and sleeves and armholes of a distinctive cut

Drawn by Dorothy Millar

Why keep useless Jewellery ?

Sessel,

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will give the

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Old Gold, Silver, Platinum, Diamonds, Pearls, etc.

Cash sent per return of post.
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EVANS' PASTILLES

A reliable antiseptic remedy for throat complaints

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Everywhere. 6d. & 1/- the Box.

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SERVICE DRESS ORDERS to measure in **24 HOURS**

ACCURACY & FIT GUARANTEED

Field Service	JACKET from	55/-
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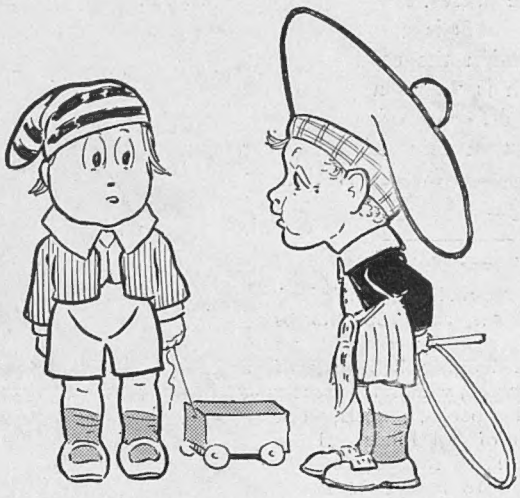

"You didnae tak' the Measles when a' the rest of the schuil had it?"

"Naw, no sic' luck! Ma mither made me wash masel' wi'

WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP

and that keepit the doctor awa'."

Superfluous Hair on the Increase.

The number of ladies with noticeable growths of Superfluous Hair is on the increase. This may partly be due to the use of inferior face creams, but to a far greater extent it is due to the use of depilatories. These nostrums burn off the visible hair, leaving the roots to produce still stronger hair. They quicken and strengthen the growth. The only way to get complete and final relief from Superfluous Hair is to have the hairs removed by a skilled operator. Foremost of all Specialists for Superfluous Hair is Mrs. Pomeroy, Ltd. Therefore take the

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PERMANENT TREATMENT

Consultation, Advice, and
Trial Treatment FREE.

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charging 7*s.* 6*d.* a bottle for the Ca-Radium Hair Restorer it is placed, more or less, within the range of most purses. As may be imagined, the profit is small, taking into consideration the cost of the radium, which is rather a reversal of the usual order of things. An important fact in connection with Ca-Radium Hair Restorer is that it is not a dye.

A Miniature Hold-All

Messrs. F. Best and Co., of Aldford Street, Park Lane, and 188, Sloane Street, have recently devised an extremely neat-looking little bag of the expanding type, which is just the thing for holding books, parcels, work and oddments of all kinds. It is made in three sizes ranging roughly from about ten to twelve inches in width and depth, and the extra capacity is attained by means of gussets in the sides and bottom, thus embodying the advantages of the homely string bag without its attendant drawbacks. The smallest size costs 16*s.*, or with flap to fasten over its mouth 18*s.* 6*d.*

Smokes for the Wounded

To the record of the many generous gifts made by patriotic firms to the wounded soldiers and sailors in hospital must be added a consignment of the well-known "Nestor" cigarettes, sent by the British importers of the brand. The donors may safely congratulate themselves on affording our men in hospital an hour or two of well-earned bliss when these fragrant "Nestors" come to be handed round.

Thermos, Ltd.

In the course of some proceedings in the Lord Mayor's Court recently it was stated that Thermos, Ltd., was a German concern. This is absolutely untrue. The company was formed of British capital by British shareholders, and they have never had anyone but British directors. The Thermos Flasks are either made at the works at Tottenham or they are imported from the Thermos Company which manufactures them in America.

THE "CADOGAN" BAG

For books, parcels, etc., as supplied by Messrs. F. Best and Co., of Aldford Street, Park Lane, and 188, Sloane Street

The "Vaterland" Held Up

It is interesting to learn that one reason why the magnificent German liner, *Vaterland*, is help up in New York Harbour is that Messrs. Waring and Gillow, who carried out the furnishing and decorations of the mammoth, have not yet been paid their account in full, and that they have succeeded in the American courts in "attaching" her until the balance due is paid. This means that until then the *Vaterland* cannot quit New York, even if sold to a neutral State or company.

To Help "Tommy" with his French

"What You Want to Say and How to Say It in French" is the title of a neat and handy little booklet, which is being furnished to our troops at the front, with the compliments of Messrs. Coleman and Co., Ltd., "Wincarnis" Works, Norwich. It contains numerous phrases of just the kind likely to be needed, the English appearing on one page and its French equivalent on the opposite page The imitated French pronunciation is as true as any system of phonetics could well render it, but if Thomas Atkins should feel reluctant to try it, he has the simple alternative left to him of indicating his needs by pointing to the French phrase or word.

The Menu: Some Sweets Without Eggs

THE great scarcity of eggs at the present time, and the prospect of their becoming even more expensive, makes it necessary for the mistress of the house, especially where there are children, to try and devise tempting, appetising puddings with fewer eggs than the cook has been accustomed to use. Here are some suggestions for a few economical sweet dishes.

Brown Betty Pudding
Apple Jelly
Chocolate Pudding
Marmalade Pudding
A Sultana and Currant Pudding
Three Minutes Pudding

Brown Betty Pudding

Stew till quite soft six cooking apples with two tablespoonfuls of Demerara sugar and a little water; when soft, put a layer of apples and a layer of breadcrumbs alternately, the top layer being crumbs. When the dish is full put in a gill of golden syrup and a squeeze of lemon-juice. Bake for thirty minutes in a moderate oven. Sprinkle over castor sugar before serving.

Apple Jelly

Boil 1 lb. of loaf sugar in half a pint of water until it is a thick syrup. Peel, core, and quarter 2 lb. of apples and cook them in the syrup with the rind of half and the juice of a whole lemon. Meanwhile soak ½ oz. of gelatine in a teacupful of water, add to it the apple, stir well over the fire until dissolved. Put all through a sieve and then into a ring mould which has been soaked in cold water; when set turn out, stick with almonds, and fill the centre with whipped cream.

Chocolate Pudding

Soak 1 lb. of stale bread in one pint of milk till soft. Sweeten with 2 oz. of moist sugar and beat well; stir in 2 oz. of grated chocolate, pour into a buttered mould, cover with buttered paper, and steam for two hours. Turn out and serve with custard flavoured with vanilla poured over.

Marmalade Pudding (One Egg Necessary)

Four ounces of flour, 4 oz. of breadcrumbs, 4 oz. of suet, 4 oz. of sugar, one and a half heaped tablespoonfuls of marmalade, one egg, one and a quarter gills of milk, half a teaspoonful of baking-powder. Chop the suet finely, mix all the dry ingredients, add the marmalade, egg, and milk, stir well, pour into a greased pudding-basin, cover with buttered paper, and steam for two and a half hours. Serve hot with marmalade sauce round.

Sultana and Currant Pudding

Mix together ¼ lb. of flour, ¼ lb. of suet, ¼ lb. of breadcrumbs, ¼ lb. each of sultanas and currants, 2 oz. of candied lemon-peel, two tablespoonfuls of Demerara sugar. Moisten with a little milk, and add enough treacle to make it a nice brown. Boil for two hours. This recipe makes a delicious pudding.

Three Minutes Pudding (One Egg Needed)

One teacupful of flour, one tablespoonful of baking-powder, one teacupful of sugar, one egg, one teacupful of milk, 1 oz. of butter, a little jam. Mix all dry ingredients together. Then work in the butter, next add the egg well beaten, and the milk. Stir well, and pour mixture into a small buttered Yorkshire pudding tin. Bake twenty minutes in a hot oven; when cooked cut in half and spread jam between

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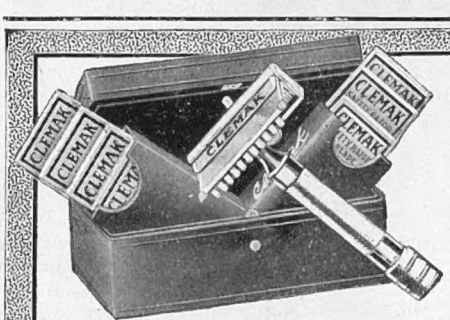

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Combination Outfit, containing Stropping Machine, Velvet Hide Strop, with Clemak and Twelve Blades **10/6**

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